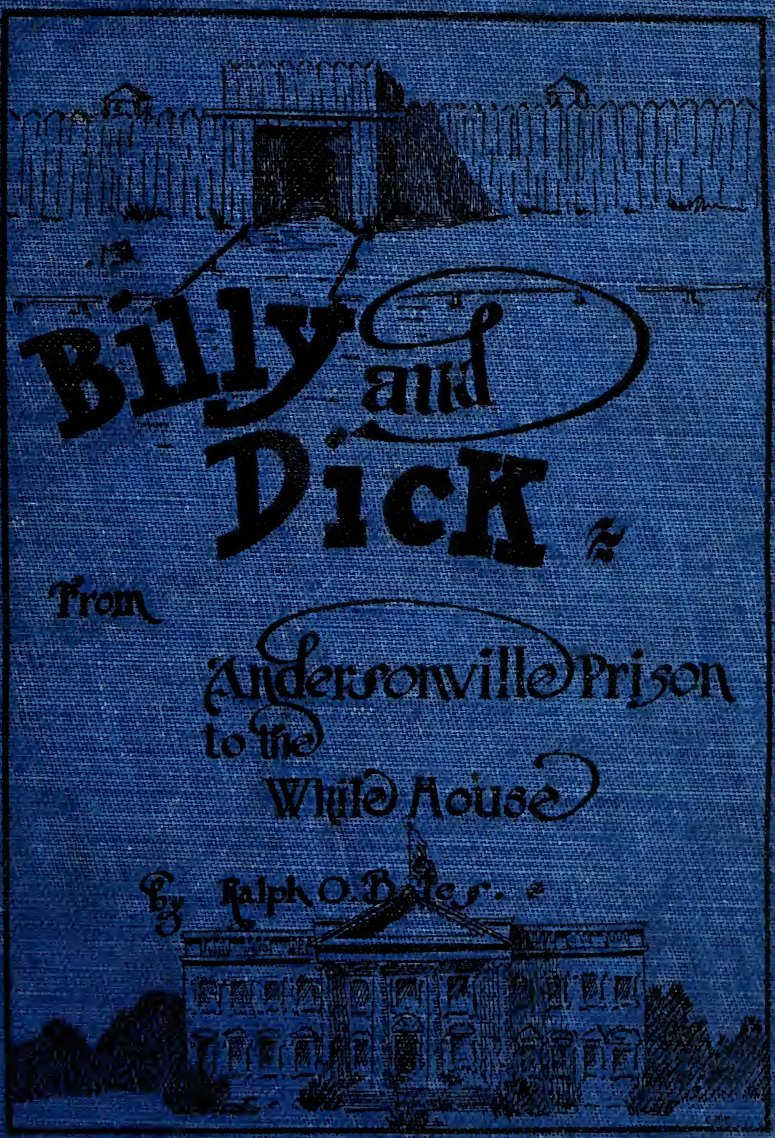

Billy and Dick

From Andersonville Prison to the White House

By Ralph O. Bates

F. M. Hill—Books

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38. [OHIO]. BILLY AND DICK FROM ANDERSONVILLE PRISON TO THE WHITE HOUSE. By Ralph O. Bates (Billy). 99 pages. Small 8vo. Santa Cruz, Cal., 1910. Rare. 25.00

An early Santa Cruz imprint. Billy claimed to have been in the Ninth Ohio Cavalry. "Bad fiction masquerading as fact; author claimed that Wirz shot him three times." — C. W. Books.

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from ERNEST J. WESSEN · 30 BOWMAN STREET · MANSFIELD · OHIO

April 2nd, 1952

Dear Doctor Warren:-

Thank you for your interesting letter of the 31st. It will be fun checking into the BATES' story, and I will see what can be turned up as soon as the book arrives. When I am through with the the book I'll be happy to pass it on th the Ohioana Library Association of Columbus as it is, of course, a book by an Ohio author. An author who fits into the work I am doing....ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF OHIO BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.....a bio-bibliography.

I can't promise quick results; as we are pretty well snowed under; nor will I neglect it. I hope I don't have to tell you that I'll approach it with an open mind though, at the moment, the one thing that bothers me is that there appears to have been no prominent BATES' family resident in Richland county at this time. Too....Senator John Sherman, from Mansfield, O., proved his friendship for Mansfield soldiers time and again; while there were other Mansfielder's holding high office in Washington at this time.

All of which proves nothing. The Colonel in command of the troops which captured Booth testified at the trials that he was from Mansfield.....we havn't found the slightest trace of anyone of his name in this county.

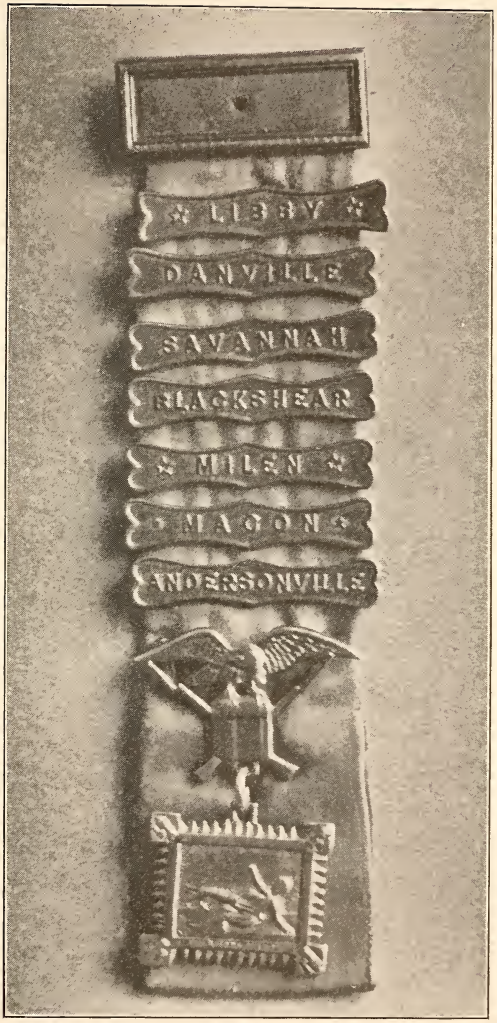
Kindest best wishes

Sincerely yours

Ernest J. Wessen

Dr. Louis A. Warren
The Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Ralph O. Bates (Billy) in 1905



Seven gold medals pinned on Ralph O. Bates (Billy) by General Garfield in 1868

BILLY AND DICK

FROM

Andersonville Prison

TO THE

White House

BY

RALPH O. BATES
(BILLY)

卐

The Most Chaste and Entertaining Story before the American People.
Endorsed by Universities, Colleges, Schools, the Press, Pulpit and the People Everywhere.

卐

PRESS
SENTINEL PUB. CO., SANTA CRUZ, CAL
1910

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BY ROZELLA E. BATES

TESTIMONIALS.

I am personally acquainted with Ralph O. Bates, known as Billy. We lived in the same town in boyhood, and I know he is the man he represents himself to be.—William H. Woodruff, Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 18, 1897.

Comrade Ralph O. Bates (Billy) and myself were born and raised in the same neighborhood; I am well acquainted with all his family. The story of "Billy and Dick" is the uncolored truth. That he is the same Billy can be proven by many living witnesses in Richmond County, Ohio—D. K. Charles, M. D., Philomath, Oregon, Jan. 27, 1891.

Ralph O. Bates was in Troop H and I in Troop E of the same regiment. We were from the same town and I knew his family. He is the Billy of "Billy and Dick from Andersonville Prison to the White House."—Louis Geoch, Abilene, Kansas, April 2, 1902.

I have known Ralph O. Bates for many years, having enlisted from my native county. I can testify that he is the man he represents himself to be and that his story is true.—P. C. Richardson, Seattle, Washington, June 1, 1892.

The query in the minds of many who have heard this story was "Is this really the man?"

This, the editor of this paper can answer affirmatively. The editor knows Ralph O. Bates personally and has possession of the farm cleared up and improved by Mr. Bates and his father.—St. Joseph (Mich.) Press, Sept. 28, 1895.

I enlisted Ralph O. Bates in the Ninth Ohio Cavalry in 1862. In 1893 we met at Portland, Oregon, where Bates recognized me as his First Lieutenant and recruiting officer; again after many years we met by chance, at Soquel, Cal., and Dec. 27, 1909, Ralph O. Bates departed from this life at my Sanitarium, four miles from Santa Cruz.—James Beechler, M. D., Soquel, California, Jan. 1, 1910.

PREFACE.

In the winter of 1868 Ralph O. Bates was called from college, at Ann Arbor, Mich., by General Garfield to give his first lecture, "From Andersonville Prison, Georgia, to the White House," in the old gray stone church, on the south side of the square in Cleveland, Ohio. At the close of the lecture General Garfield stepped forward and pinned on "Billy" seven gold medals of the seven prisons he had passed through, and asked Billy to promise to spend his life telling that story to the coming generations, which Billy has done.

It was his custom, in lecturing to the schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to ask the children to write essays, or compositions, on his lecture, which was the true story of his own life while a soldier boy from 1861 to 1865.

INTRODUCTION.

The personal adventures of heroic men have challenged the admiration of every age and race. From the fabled siege of Troy, made classical by blind old Homer, to the deadlier struggles of the Great Rebellion, remembered by thousands of living men, the national literature of every people has been greatly swelled and permanently colored by the deeds of daring and glorious achievements of illustrious men and noble women.

But the brilliant successes of military chieftains formally recorded in the history and biography of the times, forms but a small part of the real history attending these events. The **unwritten** history of every warlike race has been rich in tradition, song and story, and we of the nineteenth century have but substituted national "Camp fires" and soldiers' newspapers for the wandering minstrelsy and Palmer's stories of the Crusaders, and later ages.

And so in presenting this volume to the public, instead of reciting the daring gallantry of individual feats or wider successes of modern arms or generalship, I shall rather confine myself to the heroism of individual **endurance** and facing of perils by flood and field, which never before found their way into print. But these, and such as these, are a very important part of that history yet to be written, revealing the temper of our

people through all those troublesome times. I shall give you a sombre chapter. Its colors may be subdued and monotonous, or may become black or lurid, as events sweep across my recollection.

But this chapter belongs to the history of my country, however shameful it may be. It belongs also to the history of that Grand Army of the Republic—a part of which I was—that suppressed the greatest rebellion which ever rose among English-speaking people; carried the Stars and Stripes as an emblem of Constitutional liberty from ocean to ocean; abolished our National curse (that sum of all villainies, African slavery), and made us in fact what we had only been in theory —a free and united people.

In doing this I shall tell you a plain, unvarnished tale. I shall make no effort to weave you a pretty story, but shall attempt to give you the events and conversations precisely as they occurred. I shall avoid all tricks of rhetoric, for which I have no taste, and essay no brilliant wit, for which I have little capacity. "With charity for all and with malice toward none," as Lincoln said, I shall truthfully tell you a part of what befell me during my confinement and escape from the military prison at Andersonville.

Billy and Dick

CHAPTER I.

Enlisted and a Prisoner.

I ENLISTED June 7, 1862, a private in Troop H, Ninth Ohio Cavalry, Captain William H. Stowe, at Defiance, Ohio, and was mustered into the United States service at Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, June 29, 1862. We were armed and mounted there, given an eight-day furlough to visit our homes; returned to camp at the end of that time; moved across the Ohio River to Covington, Kentucky, for a few days, and were transported thence to Lexington, Kentucky, all within about one month.

At the outset of the Great Rebellion, Kentucky resolved to maintain a position of armed neutrality. Many of her political leaders were strongly pronounced Union men, but the masses of her white population secretly sympathized with the Confederate government, and many thousands of her sons, gallantly but mistakenly, marched off to the sound of the Southern fife and drum, and involved their commonwealth in a fratricidal struggle for State and National supremacy. Friends and neighbors were arrayed against each

other. Fathers, sons and brothers often engaged in mortal combat in the contending hosts for the occupancy of this "dark and bloody ground" until bushwhacking and all the horrible attendants of partisan warfare reached a point of deadly malignity never surpassed in the history of civilized people.

As a consequence of this condition, the Federal cavalry was kept constantly in motion, patroling the country to prevent rebel raids from the south and east, to put an end to rebel recruiting within their reach, and to assist in preserving civil law and order, and in collecting for Federal use forage, grain, live stock and all materials of war.

Our headquarters were first at Redstone Hall, near Lexington, where we were joined in the latter part of August by the Tenth Ohio and Second Indiana cavalry regiments under Colonel Walter Brown and Colonel Chase, the whole commanded by Colonel Chase as ranking officer.

We scouted eastward some distance, south to Cumberland Gap and west as far as Mammoth Cave. General Kirby Smith was making his first raids on Kentucky soil and we were riding day and night repelling these, pursuing his routed followers, and conveying captured supplies on border ground back to the government depots. This work was continued week after week until the first of November. By this time our operations had been extended beyond Polley's Springs into Polley's Valley, on the Virginia side of the line, south of Cumberland Gap, and Kirby Smith

was driven back to Jonesville and Bristol, Tennessee.

The second week in November, Troops C and H of the Ninth Ohio, got into their first serious engagement. We had been a day's march south of the gap in Polley's Valley; had collected a large supply of grain, horses and cattle; were returning rich in the spoils of war; had gone into camp squarely in Cumberland Gap—rather on the south side of the celebrated pass—and supposed all danger from that excursion practically ended. I was on picket in the roadway the first watch; had my relief during the middle of the night for rest and sleep, and was called out and posted for the morning watch wholly unconscious of the storm of sudden battle, captivity and death so soon to burst upon our little band. My horse had shown some little uneasiness for quite awhile but my first sense of danger was at early dawn when six dismounted rebel cavalrymen rose to their feet from behind some immense boulders by the roadside, and with leveled carbines, yelled: "Dismount and throw down your gun, you infernal Yankee!"

They had left their horses on the other side of the divide, and had scrambled over the summit and hid among the rocks and laurel bushes, waiting for daylight to capture our outposts and surprise our whole command. As none of the Confederate soldiers were fifty feet distant, resistance was useless. I had barely time to discharge my carbine as a signal of alarm, before I was surrounded and rushed off to the rebel rear.

A general engagement ensued between our two troops and five troops of rebel cavalry, the latter having the advantage of skirmishers and sharpshooters among the brush and rocks on the mountain side. Our little force had no protection, and were mainly shot down or captured in the open roadway.

In the meantime I was taken in charge by Sergeant William Denning, Troop C, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, and marched back six miles to Maple Mills, where there were three troops of Tennessee cavalry lying in camp. As I was the first prisoner taken back, I was closely questioned as to the strength of our command, and taken to task severely for carrying war into their borders. Some of my captors were inclined to be saucy and insulting, but on the whole my treatment was fairly considerate. Sergeant Denning stood my fast friend from the moment of capture on the morning of November 14th until he turned me over to the Provost Guard at Bristol, Tenn., Nov. 27th. I was never able to trace him afterward, but have paid tearful tribute to his innate nobleness of character a thousand times since that eventful period. He was the only man of education and intelligence among my captors.

On December 1st I and about three hundred other prisoners, embracing all nationalities and conditions in life, were loaded into cars and started for Richmond. A large proportion of these were East Tennessee conscripts and deserters from the Southern army, who had been captured in the mountains, and were now being

sent to Castle Thunder. These were generally treated worse than the Union prisoners, if such a thing were possible.

At Roanoke, near Lynchburg, we had a good breakfast. On reaching Appomattox station, a mile south of the celebrated court house, we went into camp in the woods for the night. Here we had our first experience in cooking our own hoe cakes. Lieutenant Andrew Carlin of the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, slept with me that night on the bare ground, without blankets or overcoats, and with only the sky for covering.

Next morning we were supplied with two days' cooked rations of corn-bread, hardtack and meat (but no coffee), were reloaded in the cars and started on our way.

We arrived at Richmond on the 14th of December, 1862, and were marched to Castle Thunder, where we were locked up with the conscripts and kept till next day.

On the forenoon of the 15th the privates among the Union prisoners were singled out and marched to Libby prison and were enrolled, described and registered by name, company, regiment and State.

My comrades were by this time cut down to thirty-three in number, all substantially strangers to each other. The officers were kept in Castle Thunder, and this was my last parting with Lieutenant Carlin. His friends in Toledo and Monroeville, Ohio, made continuous inquiry for him for years during and after the war, and came to see me, hoping to obtain some clew to his fate, but he disappeared from the knowl-

edge of the world from the minute of my last grasp of his manly young hand. He was doubtless shot down at some "deadline," starved to death by some merciless jailor, or in some way known so well to such miscreants, sent to his unknown grave to await the sound of the "assembly" in the last day.

"Hap'ly thistles, blue and red,
Bloom above his lowly bed."

Arriving at Libby we were put into the basement or cellar (nearly half under ground) in the southwest corner of the building—a place about twenty feet square. Many had preceded us there, so we were crowded past endurance. We could barely all lie down at once.

Our stay there was limited to two nights, when we were moved to the first floor proper of the prison, and subjected to rigorous search by Major Turner, who afterwards became so infamous. He took from us all our money, knives, combs, watches, keepsakes, including articles of insignificant value, coolly pocketing the money and valuable articles. The remainder were thrown into a common pile and we never knew what became of them.

While at Richmond we had coffee, pork and hardtack served to us in abundance as cooked rations, on tin plates, through the prison doors. As fast as the men received their plates they made way for others, ate their rations in the rear and then passed out the tin plates. But we parted with all such luxuries as tin plates when we left

Richmond, and never had one again during the balance of our imprisonment.

On the 22d of December about fifty of us were moved across the street into the Pemberton building, under the pretense that they were preparing for our exchange. We remained in this prison till January 3d, 1863, when sixteen of us were sent by rail to Danville, Virginia, and were five days making the trip.

We arrived at Danville early in the morning, and were put into cellars and stores till evening, and were started at night, three hundred strong, for Wilmington, North Carolina—to be exchanged.

On arriving at Salisbury about half our number were taken out of the cars and sent to the State Insane Asylum, which had been converted into a military prison. At that time there were about fifteen hundred prisoners confined there. Colonel Stone was in command. He was a coarse, common, rough man, and an old slave driver. Still our prison fare was not so bad. We had enough bread and meat to sustain life comfortably.

But we were not allowed a long rest here, but like poor Joe in Bleak House, were ordered to move on. This time it was to Wilmington, and of course to be exchanged.

CHAPTER II.

Hardships Begin.

TWO hundred and fifty of us arrived at Wilmington by one train and were put into the new camp just completed on the Cape Fear River, near the depot. The camp covered seven acres and contained mostly conscripts—unfortunates; no tents; no huts; no shelter of any kind. Our only fuel was the chips made in building the stockade.

Up to this time our health had been good. But here our real privations began. Here for the first time we received our bread rations in coarse, unsifted cornmeal—one pint in the morning, one at noon and one at night. We also had one-half pound of smoked beef (or mule meat) issued with each ration of meal. The bread ration was sufficient in quantity, but very unpalatable, and the meat could only be eaten by starving men.

We were kept here about twelve days, which brought us to about February 1st, but from this time on my chronology becomes uncertain—no newspaper—no intercourse with outsiders—no means of easily noting the passage of time—but want, cold, hunger and disease to continually distract and craze us.

Other prisoners were arriving frequently, and among the last were some New Jersey troops in comparatively fine condition. They had nice, new, clean clothes; were jaunty and hopeful in

appearance; had been from home but a short time; were captured by the first enemies they encountered, and had never participated in anything approaching a battle. They were soon dubbed "Tenderfeet," "Pilgrims," etc., and were probably subjected to some undeserved, contemptuous treatment by some of us. This ended in some of their finery being stolen one night, and a complaint being made to Lieutenant Donnelly, in command of the prison.

Donnelly was a young officer with little experience in dealing with men; a conceited martinet in the matter of discipline; full of bitterness toward all Union men; and withal very proud of his exalted position as post-commandant. The next morning after these complaints were made to him by the young "tenderfoot-pilgrims," he came into camp swelling with wrath and secretly pleased with an opportunity of showing his authority, and gratifying his malignant disposition toward the Union prisoners. Every man in the camp was ordered to fall into line. When this was done he ordered every prisoner to strip off all his clothing excepting his pants and shirt; hats, caps, boots and shoes, coats, and jackets were thrown into piles and carried away by the guards. My clothing, although considerably soiled, was still whole, serviceable and warm. My boots were an excellent pair, nearly new, given to me by my father when I left home. I had saved them carefully for several months and only commenced wearing them about the time of my capture. But they went with

the others and I was left standing with a pair of ragged socks on my feet.

As soon as the men began to comprehend that Lieutenant Donnelly intended to rob them of their clothing, entreaties, arguments and expostulations were made by all; but he would not listen to a word. He said he was not there to argue the matter nor to give a reason for his actions. Every man should be stripped of his clothing. If he surrendered it peaceably, all right. If not it would be torn from his back by force and the grumbler be taught a lesson he would not soon forget. The armed guards were ordered up in force, cannon planted to sweep the camp, and the work of robbery went on till every prisoner was left nearly naked, in midwinter, without house, hut, tent or fire; and with nothing but shirt and pants to protect him by day or night from the cold winds, rains, snow and sleet of that miserable region. Force compelled dumb submission.

Standing next to me in line was a young Irishman whom I afterwards learned to be Richard King, Company B, Second Pennsylvania Reserves, whose flashing eye and flushing face showed good blood. The veins in his face and forehead swelled near to bursting, the muscles of his neck and jaws rose into corded knots, his breahting was heavy and stentorious, his teeth clenched, and the whole man became a perfect picture of helpless passion. He finally threw his clothing on the ground and putting his foot on them said he didn't want any rebel to wear them.

Lieutenant Donnelly came rushing towards

him with a drawn sword and stopping squarely in front of him began to glare at him from head to foot; called him every vile name which an enraged ruffian could command, and roared out volley after volley of the most blasphemous oaths which ever fell from mortal lip. He finally caught sight of a Union rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, which King had worn under his jacket, pinned to his shirt, in the center of which was a small tin-type picture of his mother and sister. The sight of this rosette was worse than a red flag to a mad bull. Donnelly sprang forward, snatched it from King's breast, threw it on the ground and stamped it to atoms with his heel.

King stood for an instant as if in a dream, a picture of grief, with a faraway look, and said in a low, trembling voice, and eyes full of tears:

"I don't care anything about my clothes, nor so much about the poor little rosette, but you have dishonored the image of my mother and sister—dearer to me than my life, and—and—and —"

The next instant the whole man was transformed into a flaming, avenging Nemesis. He sprang at Donnelly like a raging wild beast and with one blow sent the cowardly rascal rolling and sprawling on the ground, in the presence of his whole command.

Of what occurred immediately afterward I have but a partial recollection. As the gathering storms and cyclones of our great plains often rise slowly and majestically from the horizon to the

zenith, before they burst upon the earth and sweep every obstacle before them, so the hum and roar of resistance to tyranny came swelling slowly down the line for a few seconds of time, and then the long pent-up cyclone of human passion burst from the manly, patriotic heart of each suffering, insulted and downtrodden prisoner. They fell upon the guards in their fury, wrenched their muskets from their hands in many instances, and with clubbed guns cleared the camp of their infamous oppressors. But the outside numbers were overwhelming. The Unionl prisoners who were not shot down and killed in the melee were overpowered, tied, shackled and so separated as to prevent any further concert of action.

In the hand-to-hand fight I was knocked insensible by a heavy blow on the head—probably from a clubbed musket—and did not recover consciousness for several hours. When my senses returned I found myself in the hold of a vessel, among old barrels and boxes and splashing around in bilge water. My feet were chained together, a pair of handcuffs fastening King and myself to each other, and I realized that I was sick, sore, wounded, feverish, faint and perishing for food and water. The place was quite dark, but the groans and cries for help which I could hear in various directions proved that King and myself were not alone in misfortune. It being too dark to recognize faces, I asked my comrade who he was. He replied:

"I am the fellow that hit that blasted Lieutenant Donnelly."

"What is your name?"

"Dick King," was the answer, "and your name?"

"Ralph Bates, the fellow that stood at your shoulder until knocked out himself."

King had commenced calling me "Billy" at Salisbury, before learning my real name, and "Billy and Dick" we remained ever after to each other, and were mainly known by those names to the outside world when the mournful history of our subsequent imprisonment, suffering and starvation were brought to light.

There in the dark, dismal, noisome hold of this vessel; bound hand and foot in rebel irons; bruised, bleeding and feverish from wounds received as Union prisoners from the vaunted chivalry of the Confederate States; starving for the commonest supplies of food and water; there sprang into existence a friendship and love surpassing love of woman. It endured unshaken through all the terrible ordeals to which it was afterwards subjected in captivity; it animated and kept alive hopes and attempts at escape; it kept the feeble spark of life aglow in our flight through swamps and forests, and emerged stronger and purer than ever from "the jaws of death and the mouth of hell," so completely typified by the Southern Confederate prisons. God bless my dear old comrade! Dick is first among my waking thoughts, and a benison upon his name shall be my last articulation in death.

We shook hands in the darkness of our filthy prison, and in the presence of Almighty God, pledged that come weal, come woe, we would be absolutely true to each other; that we would never be separated nor surrender our remaining rights while alive, and that we would make common cause against our oppressers till both should be free. Our promise was kept to the end.

CHAPTER III.

From Prison to Prison.

WHILE in the hold we could hear the noise and commotion of many men tramping overhead, but our cries for assistance were either unheard or unheeded for what seemed to us the greater part of the day. It seems that about 150 of the mutineers were put aboard this vessel to be shipped to Savannah, and that a few of the ringleaders and so-called desperadoes, including Dick and myself, were ironed and tumbled into the hold in the probable hope and expectation that we would die from our injuries, added to foul air and starvation. But on running over the list of his prisoners after his vessel was well under way, the captain discovered that several were missing. Inquiry brought out the fact that some wounded were dropped into the hold in irons and had not been looked after since. He thereupon came into

the hold to make a personal examination. He was a humane man—a captain in the Fifty-fifth Alabama Infantry—and he was greatly shocked on discovering our pitiable condition. He plied us with many questions as to why we had been so mercilessly treated. Our feet and hands were terribly swollen by the irons, and our heads battered and bloody.

I made a clean breast of it and told him the whole story precisely as it occurred.

"Well," said he, "this would not warrant such treatment as you have received."

"But," we replied, "we have told you the whole truth, as you can learn from others, and you can see for yourself the condition we are in."

He ordered us to be lifted on deck, knocked off our irons, gave us food and water, and made us fairly comfortable. During our four days' trip to Savannah on this boat, the guards were especially abusive to us, and sought every pretext for taunting us with our imprisonment, and assuring us that we deserved to be drawn and quartered for coming down there to "steal their niggers". This was the universal stereotyped charge against us, and against all Union soldiers. The whole Northern army was pronounced nothing but a pack of ignorant, ill-mannered Yankee "nigger stealers" and "cotton thieves". Intelligence, education, chivalry and amenities of social life, which constitute the gentleman and the lady, they asserted to be wholly unknown in the North. A Northern man was a "mudsill," a Union soldier a "thief and a pirate."

The first night at Savannah three hundred of us were crowded together into a cellar, where we were so closely packed that we could not turn around without raising our arms above our heads, and when we were counted out the next morning we left thirty-six of our number who had died from suffocation.

Two days' rations of coarse cornmeal were dealt out to us, without meat, vegetables or anything else, and we were loaded into a railroad train and taken to Blackshear, the county seat of Pierce County, Georgia, a miserable little hamlet in the pine barrens, where we were confined in a small camp in company with over three hundred Union prisoners, mainly from the Eastern States. The Blackshear prison was completely commanded by military earthworks, with mounted cannon, and was guarded by seven hundred Confederate soldiers. We remained here three days, when our little band was again returned to Savannah, under the pretext of being exchanged. Every time we were transported from one prison to another, it was given out that we were to be exchanged. Continual disappointment had made us incredulous, but as we were actually headed for Savannah we finally consented to take a parole, binding us not to attempt to escape. We soon found this to be another piece of systematic deception adopted to keep us quiet and allow them to reduce the guards on the train.

At Savannah we were turned over to Lieutenant Irving Davidson, of Kentucky, who was the first and only officer that gave us considerate, sympa-

thetic treatment during the whole of our weary confinements in many Southern prisons. He treated us like human beings, respected our feelings and wishes, and supplied us with everything in his power to promote our comfort. His orders were to take us to Milen, and he supplied us with an abundance of bread, meat and vegetables for the trip.

Soon after leaving Savannah the train was sidetracked at a small station to wait for the eastbound passenger train. Here we were subjected to the utmost abuse and the jeers and howls of a mob that surrounded the train and threatened our lives. A lot of old Georgia "crackers," with a sprinkling of boys and women, surrounded the cars for hours, declaring we ought to be hung, swearing we should never be taken away alive, and stood ready to shoot any of us who might venture to a freight car door for a breath of fresh air. It was the old charge of "stealing their niggers," by men whose families had never owned a slave through all the generations of African servitude, and who constantly prated of their only superiority to the negro—their color.

Our train remained there about twenty hours. In the morning Lieutenant Davidson allowed us to get out of the car and walk about inside his guard line, and to cook and warm up some of our food. This greatly incensed the small crowd that still hovered around. They declared it a shame that we should be supplied with better food than they could obtain for themselves, and abused Lieutenant Davidson without stint.

We reached Milen, a small station on the railroad, formerly known as Camp Lawton, at night, and were turned over to Captain Barrett, post-commandant, by Lieutenant Davidson, whom we never saw afterward.

This Captain Barrett was a red-headed, squint-eyed little fellow, belonging to some Georgia regiment, wonderfully puffed up with self-importance, and insulting and tyrannical to those under his authority to a degree that is wholly indescribable. Language utterly fails to portray his meanness and cruelty to the helpless men in his power.

Our squad were separated here and all but seven were sent on to Macon. We seven who remained in Milen were so sore and tired that we laid down together earlier that night and probably slept sounder than usual because of our exhausted and worn-out condition. During the night some one stole all our extra rations, so generously furnished by Lieutenant Davidson, and we found ourselves suddenly thrown on the tender mercies of the villain, Barrett.

In the morning Corporal John Deming, of the Fourth Michigan Infantry, one of our number, volunteered to ask Captain Barrett for something to eat. He explained our situation as respectfully as he could—said our rations had been stolen while we slept—and asked for immediate relief.

Captain Barrett flew into a great passion—swore he would not allow any blankety Yankee to come around him asking for extra rations—said he would issue them when we needed them

—and ended his abuse by putting Deming in the chain gang "for his impudence." This was the last we ever saw of poor Deming. As no prisoners were sent away for some time he was undoubtedly worked to death or killed in some attempt to escape from the chain gang.

The number of Union prisoners then at Milen was about eight hundred. All were called into line at one o'clock each day to be counted. Our squad was so weak none of us could stand long enough to end this procedure, but we sat down on the ground in our places. Barrett swore that the men who wouldn't stand in line till ordered to break ranks should have no rations, so we received none till next day, making a fast of nearly fifty-six hours. By this time Dick's feet were so swollen that he was physically unable to stand the allotted time and was obliged to sit down. Knowing it to be a case of life and death, I managed to keep on my feet long enough to draw my rations. These divided with Dick kept us both alive.

In the afternoon Captain Barrett came into the camp and questioned me, among others, as to rank, name, regiment and State. I answered him in the most gentlemanly terms possible, giving all the information asked for. He then wanted to know if I ever expected to see my State again, and said in a very swaggering, insulting manner that if ever I got out of that camp I would be carried out crippled or dead.

I reminded him that I was a prisoner of war and was entitled to treatment as such—that I was

no dog to be insulted in that manner—as long as I behaved myself and obeyed his orders.

He replied: "How dare you stand in my presence and talk to me that way!" and fell upon me to give me a thorough pounding. He soon thought of a safer way to wreak his petty vengeance on me, and ordering up a file of soldiers, had me bucked and gagged and set me on a stump for two hours.

Old soldiers probably know what this means. For the benefit of those who do not I repeat: Bucking consists in tying the wrists together with a rope, making the man sit down with his knees drawn up close to his chin, between his arms, and then running a handspike over his arms and under his knees, leaving him powerless to move far or to extricate himself. The cramped position is exceedingly painful at best, but when the rope is carelessly or tightly tied the hands swell and the torture becomes devilish. Men were usually gagged by tying a stick of wood in their mouth in such a way as to prevent speech. In addition to this punishment my rations were withheld for twenty-four hours.

In the morning, before I drew my rations, Captain Barrett came along hunting some one to act as clerk. Stopping me, he said:

"Here, you little Yank, you look pretty smart. I want you to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and come with me as a headquarters clerk."

I replied: "Captain, so far as clerking is concerned, I would be glad to serve you, but taking

the oath of allegiance is another matter. This I can not do, and I never will do."

"Well," said he, "we'll see about that. Before you get out of here you will be glad to be a clerk or anything else, and glad to take the oath. Do you hear me?"

"So help me God, I never will. I will die in this prison if I must, but no power on earth shall ever compel me to take an oath of allegiance to the rotten Southern Confederacy. My tongue is my own, and I will tear it out by the roots sooner than take this oath."

With one of his devilish leers he passed on to the tent of some other unfortunate.

That night two hundred conscript men came in. The next day, the sixth of my incarceration there, our little squad of six was counted out with these and sent on to Macon. There we camped in some woods in the outskirts of the city. In the morning the non-commissioned officers and privates, numbering about twenty-five Union men, were started to Andersonville, sixty miles distant. Before leaving, several Union officers and a chaplain informed us of our destination, and said: "You are going to the worst place in the Confederacy, but you must keep up your courage; be careful in speech, discreet in action, and constantly plan how to keep up your strength and your hope of deliverance, for the life of every man will depend upon this." The chaplain especially exerted himself in our behalf, and we left him with tearful eyes and thankful hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

At Andersonville.

WE ARRIVED at Andersonville after dark, February 11th, 1863. As soon as the train halted, the long roll was beat at the fort, the guards turned out in full force, and we were escorted to General Winder's headquarters on the hill. Here all were searched and absolutely everything taken from us which the guards could find, except our scanty clothing. General Winder personally examined scores of prisoners, and made the search as severe as possible, looking into the men's mouths and hair in many instances, that nothing might escape him. Dick and I lost our cooking utensils, but I managed to hide a broken caseknife in the bottom of my pants which afterwards proved invaluable.

From General Winder's headquarters we were marched past the post commissary, where each one received one pint of cornmeal and two ounces of bacon, and were told that this must last till the next evening. I then asked for my kettle to cook my mush. The commissary looked at me in astonishment for making such an unreasonable request, and asked who I supposed was running that encampment. He informed us politely that we wouldn't need such things very long—that we would starve to death, or die from homesickness, or be killed by the guards within a week.

The older prisoners had become somewhat used

to such taunts and were not particularly affected by them, but many of the new prisoners and "tenderfeet" wilted at once and gave up their last chance for life through moping and despondency.

Here we were put to work building a stockade. The prison entrance had double gates resembling a canal lock. About fifty at a time would march inside our outer gate. It would then be closed, the inner gate opened and that detachment taken inside. The stockade first surrounded about seven acres. The timber was cut twenty feet long and sunk in the ground five feet.

General Winder was in command of the guard which marched us to the camp that night, and as we filed past him, remarked that "the prisoner who ever got out of that place would be a lucky devil," and that he would come down next day and attend to our rations himself. The prison at this time probably did not contain above twelve hundred prisoners. As there was not much fighting in the spring of 1863, but few prisoners were added to our number for awhile, so that our real privations and sufferings did not commence till sometime in May. We had coarse cornmeal, grain and cob ground together, all the time, with meat and vegetables occasionally, and could manage to sustain life. Our worst privations at this time were lack of clothing, the loss of our cooking utensils and a scarcity of fuel for cooking our meal. Details were made daily who went to the woods under guard and brought in a day's supply of fuel. One stick of wood per

day was the allowance for each mess.

Our first meal in Andersonville was obtained by mixing some meal and water in an old cap which Dick had in some way acquired, and baking the mixture on a stone heated for that purpose. That night Dick was missing for awhile. In the morning I found on the ground between us one tin canteen and half of another one, which had been melted apart, and a large piece of sheet-iron. My inquiries were nipped in the bud. Dick bade me accept them thankfully and ask no questions. I took his advice and don't know to this day how he managed to obtain them. The next thing was to keep them. We fitted the sheet-iron in the ground and kept a thin layer of dirt and ashes over them. The canteen was changed in appearance under Dick's manipulations until identification was impossible.

One morning General Winder came into the enclosure, accompanied by a man whom we afterwards knew as Captain Wirz (both half intoxicated) and spent some time looking over the ground and planning some changes. We had learned to pay no attention to anything which did not personally concern us, as all our former complaints had ended in worsting our condition; but as Winder and Wirz passed about we would occasionally overhear some remarks. The command was to be turned over to the latter, who was full of plans for reorganizing the camp, for issuing rations, and for maintaining discipline. "I soon brings 'em round," was Wirz's last remark as they passed beyond our hearing.

This reorganization began at once. The prisoners were divided into divisions of one hundred. A first and second sergeant were selected for each division, to whom all rations were delivered and by whom they were divided and issued to each man. Two roll calls were made daily. When Wirz was present at roll call all the prisoners were required to stand in line till ordered to break ranks, under penalty of forfeiting that day's rations, precisely as Captain Barrett had done at Milen.

By the last of March the food supply had grown visibly scarcer. A month later it was scanty, and in May we were facing actual starvation. Increased supplies had not kept pace with the increased number of prisoners and guards. In April one thousand tents arrived. As the rainy season was fairly upon us there was pressing necessity for shelter. Through the winter we had huddled together in our dugouts and barely escaped perishing with cold. But now the cold rains filled our dugouts with water and left us no protection whatever. When the tents were finally issued great favoritism was shown by those in authority and we were not long in discovering that Free Masons and Odd Fellows were first served. Further observation soon convinced us that the same distinction was made in issuing daily rations, and that the members of these two world-wide organizations received much greater attention and consideration than any of the others. To what extent such discrimination was justifiable I must leave others to

decide, but to the poor unfortunates who belonged to neither order, it seemed a refinement of merciless cruelty. They felt that the ties of common humanity should have been wider than those of human organization.

In April some prisoners from Vermont and Connecticut regiments were brought in. They were well clothed and comfortable. In passing our division the thoughtless wags among us raised the cry: "Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" The newcomers wanted to know how long we had been there. Dick replied: "Fully three weeks, and no new clothes yet." They realized the irony of his speech and said: "For God's sake, boys, give it to us straight. This matter is too serious for joking."

We were silenced in an instant and a feeling of comradeship, mingled with pity for their inexperience, made us tenderly compassionate. They had been sent forward by our route—had been promised exchange from post to post—but had happily escaped the robbery of their clothing. When they realized fully that these promises of exchange were but a part of the Confederate plan of deception to get them to this hopeless place with the fewest possible guards and when by looking upon the hundreds of grimy, unkempt, naked and starving comrades all around them, they saw that it was only a question of time until they, too, would be reduced to the same miserable condition, hope sank to zero and the work of death began. That night we heard for hours the agonizing cries of scores of men. The next day Wil-

liam Dilz and Amos Danebaugh (both married men) of Company A, 32d New York Infantry, deliberately walked across the "dead line," preferring death to the inevitable horrors which awaited them in such a place. Dick and I helped to bury them, managed to steal their blankets without detection, and thus learned their names and to what command they belonged. On our return from this burial party we discussed the situation with more seriousness than ever before. We had long since abandoned all hope of exchange, but we did not expect liberation. Yet our reason convinced us that we must not sit down in idleness and despair. Our existence depended on mental and bodily exercise and the hope of escape. So we commenced a systematic visitation of all new arrivals; discussed all imaginable plans for getting away; roused the hypochondriacs and actually abused and provoked quarrels with some of the most gloomy for the sole purpose of awakening a spark of interest in their present lives. We soon found that this was good for them and greatly benefited ourselves. A common interest sprang up and several schemes for tunneling and escaping were commenced, which might have been successful had not the ready spies and informers among us betrayed our plans to the authorities. When this discovery was made, Wirz tried to force us into confessing who were our leaders. Failing in this he cut our food down to a quarter ration of meal daily, to all alike for several days. An informer finally pointed out a Fourth Michigan man as one of the ring-

leaders. He was promptly taken outside. We never saw him afterwards. His fate is unknown to this day. But this attempt to dig a tunnel caused the guards to be increased to two regiments of Georgia reserves, composed of old men and boys exempt from field service. The woods and country around Andersonville were regularly scoured and patrolled every day thereafter by a mounted man and a pack of bloodhounds. A heavy rain washed out part of the stockade one night and a few men escaped. Wirz claimed that we dug up the stockade and stopped our rations for three days. The "dead-line" was twenty-five feet inside the stockade marked by low posts with a single rail on top. The illiterate and vicious guards were ordered by Wirz to be more vigilant and to shoot down, without an instant's notice, any who passed it. At night they were not over scrupulous and would often fire on men who were far inside the line.

In June two hundred prisoners came to us from the Greensborough and Salisbury prisons. These had all been stripped of their clothing at Savannah and like ourselves had not a vestige of anything excepting the shirt and pants they chanced to have on when the robbery began. The increased number of prisoners and the additional guards camped on the branch or creek above the prison polluted the water supply until the whole prison was threatened with extermination. Typhus and typhoid fevers prevailed, measles and small pox appeared and chronic stomach trouble was universal. With no shelter, no clothes, no hospitals

and absolutely nothing but foul water and coarse meal for food until September the death rate became appalling.

Among the new arrivals in June was Chaplain Saul Hathaway of an Indiana infantry regiment. He had been in Belle Isle and Pemberton prisons at Richmond and was sent away from there on the plea of being insane, but in reality to remove to a safer place such an irrepressible patriot. We had lost all knowledge of weeks and months and only occasionally knew when Sunday came. Hathaway came to our division and said he would preach next day, which he said was Sunday. The whole camp turned out to hear him. A sergeant came with a squad of men to see and hear what was said and done, and informed Hathaway that he might preach and pray provided there was no objectionable language used, but that singing would not be allowed. Hathaway replied that he would preach, pray and sing as long as the Lord gave him breath, and the whole Confederacy could not prevent it while he was alive. The meeting was **not** dispersed. At its close Hathaway was marched to headquarters but was soon returned. He started around the next day, announced a prayer meeting for Wednesday night, and kept up regular services till his sickness and death. We arranged for celebrating the Fourth of July that year and had chosen Hathaway as the orator of the day. But he was taken violently ill on the second of the month and died on the eighth. He lay on his back in his dugout and sent for the boys and talked with and prayed

for them for days after he was unable to stand on his feet. We could often hear him singing his favorite hymn: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and the still watches of the night were broken by his eloquent prayers, till the night before his release. He possessed a wonderful vitality, and his soul seemed literally wafted to heaven on one of his grand outbursts of hallelujahs.

Just before his death an incident occurred

Billy and Dick in the chain gang at Andersonville prison.

which I can scarcely bring myself to narrate, and which ended most disastrously for me. A Southern woman who was permitted to distribute "tracts" in the stockade, took offense at some

expression in one of Hathaway's prayers and deliberately spit in his face. This act instantly aroused such a storm of indignation that the guards had to interfere to quell the disturbance. The conscripts and deserters threatened to trample the woman under foot. I led her to the gate and turned her over to the guard, informing him of her conduct and the cause of the disturbance. The guard told her she could not come into the prison again, when she turned around and spit in my face, and I knocked her down. As usual, Wirz tried to induce some one to turn informer, and finally arrested about fifty of those present, including Dick and myself, and had us taken to the fort, and afterwards put in the chain gang. While I was out at work during the day the woman went to Wirz and entered a complaint. On my return in the evening Wirz came into camp and asked who had struck the woman. I told him the whole story, when the guards interfered and told him I had done nothing to be shot for. Nevertheless he had me released from the chain gang and marched off between a file of soldiers. Dick's parting salutation was: "I don't know what they will do with you, Billy, but never surrender. Die game, if you must, old boy, but don't gratify the rascals by begging for your life."

By Wirz' orders my thumbs were tied together with a cord, and I was entirely suspended by this cord, which ran up to a beam over the gateway in plain view of all the prisoners. The flesh was cut to the bone by my weight, but a feeling of numbness (or rather the absence of all feeling in my

hands and arms) soon lessened the torture. My tongue swelled, my head throbbed almost to bursting, and my heart could scarcely do its work. Harris Wilson, Battery D, Second Pennsylvania Artillery, near by, asked what he could do for me.

Billy Bates suspended by the thumbs at Andersonville prison.

"Water," was all the reply I could make. He got a piece of an old slop pan near the gate, put some water in it, and, standing on a box, held the pan to my lips while I took a few swallows.

The guard yelled to Wilson: "Stop that, you fool Yank, or you'll get killed for it!" Just then Wirz rode up and asked what Wilson had been doing. Wilson replied that he had only given Billy some water to drink. Wirz roared out: "You will

never give another man a drink," and fired five shots into him from his revolver, killing him instantly. I spoke up as well as I could and said: "For God's sake, if you shoot anyone, shoot me, and end this torture." "Shut up, you rascal, or I will," he replied. Suffering made me desperate and I answered: "You dare not shoot me. I shall live to see you hung before I die." Wirz jerked out his revolver—the guards yelled to him "better not shoot him now," but before any of his own men could stop him, by reason or force, he emptied his revolver at me, hitting me twice. One ball passed through the fleshy part of my left thigh and the other fractured a bone in the same leg, between the knee and ankle. I will say in extenuation of his murderous, cowardly attempt on my life, if it be extenuation, that he was furiously drunk and simply acted out the part of a drunken beast and madman. A mob gathered. The guards ran Wirz off for safety, and Simeon Chase, of the Thirteenth Ohio Infantry, cut me down and carried me to my division.

I remained in our dugout without much attention till Dick was released from the chain-gang. He undertook to get my rations for me—was not allowed to have any—but divided his own with me for a few days. Dick thereafter took care of me and kept my wounds wet with cold water day and night, till the last of July. This cold water treatment kept down inflammation, and I was probably too thin in flesh to be in much danger from gangrene.

A rebel surgeon came to see me on the fourth

day after I was shot. He said I was doing well—better than he expected—that there was no hospital room for me, and that I had better remain where I was—that Wirz or the guards would probably shoot me on sight—and on leaving politely advised me to be a little more careful in speech and actions, if I wished to enjoy the pleasures and privileges of old age.

A few days after this Wirz came along, attended by a guard. On seeing me he called out: "Well, you little Yank, I thought I had killed you." My blood was hot in an instant, and I yelled back as loud as I could that I was still alive and should never die until I had seen him hung. My saucy and very imprudent answer stung him to the quick, and he reached back as if to draw his revolver, and before any one could interfere he shot me the third time, the ball passing through my left side just above the heart. As his own men rushed upon him to disarm him and remove him from the prison he asked me to take the oath of allegiance. I said I would not. He urged me repeatedly to do so. I said I would die in prison first. He finally started off, saying, "I will bring you under my thumb yet. Do you hear me?" Dick yelled out: "That's the stuff, Billy; stay by him."

CHAPTER V.

Digging the Tunnel—Flight and Pursuit.

DURING THESE weeks and months of my confinement Dick and I perfected plans for digging a tunnel of our own. We decided to take no one into our confidence. We had seen too much of that. We had for tools the piece of caseknife which I had smuggled into camp, a piece of hoop-iron which Dick had secured, and the large piece of sheet-iron previously mentioned.

We commenced by digging a hole five feet deep under our sheet-iron in front of our dugout, where we cooked our meals, and then starting laterally towards the east side of the stockade, fifty-nine feet distant. The work had to be prosecuted late at night and in the dark of the moon to prevent discovery. Many nights we had company and could not work at all. The dirt taken out was carried in a piece of shirt-sleeve and dumped into the creek. The quantity was so small at any given time it attracted no attention. The tunnel was about eighteen by twenty-four inches—barely large enough to crawl through. It took us seven months and eight nights to complete this work. On reaching the stockade we found ourselves above the bottom of the timbers, so we had to commence way back and gradually deepen it enough to get under them. When we

had finally tunneled beyond the line of the prison wall, we called a halt and discussed for several nights all the details for our escape. As we were obliged to wait for the dark of the moon we had ample time to plan for every conceivable emergency. We resolved to keep together, trust in God, to never be taken alive; to strike for the swamps on the north and get into the water as soon as possible to evade the bloodhounds; to pursue our flight northward to the Union lines; to travel at night and conceal ourselves during the day; to depend on foraging for subsistence, and to trust no white man or woman till we were inside the Union lines.

During this period of waiting, the question of trying to take some of our comrades with us was argued between ourselves from every standpoint which came to our minds. The danger of betrayal by taking anyone into our confidence was uppermost in our thoughts. The danger of recapture, we decided, would be in proportion to the number who escaped. Our final conclusion was that we would quietly sound some of our acquaintances and learn who among them could be depended on for taking desperate chances, but not to trust any one just then with our secret. Our tunnel was examined nightly to see that all was in good order and undiscovered, and our friends selected and conversed with daily about the all-absorbing topic of escaping from the horrors of our imprisonment. Some were faint-hearted and despondent. Others believed so firmly in early exchanges that they did not care to make any doubtful attempts.

Still others confessed themselves unable, by reason of age, wounds and general debility, to bear the inevitable strain and the hardships of such an undertaking. As the time approached we sifted out those whom we could trust, and the morning before we decided to put everything to the test of actual trial, we took these men into our entire confidence, told them about the completion of our tunnel and the details of escape which we had agreed upon. The courage of some of these failed them and they abandoned the undertaking. All offered to give us the last crumb of their rations to help us on the way, but we could not accept these generous offers, as we had no means of carrying food. The time fixed for our attempt was the night of March 2d, 1864, lacking but a few days of thirteen months after we had been marched into this pen as prisoners of war. About eighty men crawled from their places to the vicinity of our dugout and lay quietly waiting our signal. Immediately after "taps" (about nine o'clock) I descended into the tunnel, followed by Dick, and crawled carefully to the other end where it emerged by the side of a stump. The work of breaking through the crust of earth left over the mouth of the tunnel to avoid discovery did not occupy many minutes, and we stepped forth into the free air of the outside world—free men as far as guards, muskets and manacles were concerned, but timid and shivering with cold and fear. As it had been previously agreed that all who got outside should try to escape in pairs, Dick and myself did not wait for others, but clasped hands and

skulked stealthily along the outside wall toward the northeast corner, till we came to the creek or slough in that direction, where we struck a wood road and followed it across a bridge that led directly into the timber.

I digress here to mention that we did not then, and do not now, know just how many escaped that night, or whether more than one person beside ourselves actually succeeded in getting away. We had the names of over eighty prisoners whom we supposed might attempt to follow us, but we never heard of but one of these afterwards. This was a man named Gibbons, who ventured to a house the second day after his escape and became the hero of a strange romance. A wealthy widow was the owner of the place. She secreted him till pursuit was passed, and the friendship thus begun was consummated in marriage later on. Gibbons remained there long enough after the war to recover a handsome sum from the United States Government for the widow's slaves and to turn the plantation into cash, when he and his faithful wife moved to Canada, and afterwards to Adrian, Michigan, where they lived the last I knew of them.

Our course through the timber was maintained by the knowledge of an established fact in woodcraft, namely, that the northern side of a tree can be readily known by the touch. The moss on the north side is sensibly heavier and softer, and no one need ever make a mistake who will give it close attention. We walked on rapidly but softly, speaking only in whispers, till morning, when we

struck a cedar swamp, and waded into it a long distance, till we found a brushy tussock, on which we rested all day. We heard no alarm of our escape, no bay of hounds in pursuit and no sound of fife, drum or musket at the fort, which convinced us that we must have traveled many miles. We were first bewildered by our situation, then hunger began to tell upon us. But we talked all our plans over and over again, assured ourselves that recapture would be certain death, worked our will and resolution to succeed or die in the attempt to the highest possible pitch, until we reached a height of mental and nervous intoxication which was actually phenomenal. Our thoughts turned homeward, and we wondered if friends would recognize us, if our own people would know us, what the boys in our regiment would say if they could see us, and if we could get a furlough for home, should we ever get to our command. We were veritably intoxicated, and our minds ran riot on all subjects.

"Billy, what will your girl say when she sees you. You look pretty tough."

"So far as looks go, Dick, you have no advantage of me in that particular."

We both laughed immoderately, like school boys on a picnic.

"But I never asked you about your girl. Have you one, Dick?"

His eyes fired up: "Billy, why did I ever take to the saddle to fight for the country? Why do you suppose I am here in this miserable swamp,

hungry, cold and naked? Yes, Billy, the girl I left behind me is at the bottom of it all. God bless the dear girls, Billy. We must and will see them. If they don't like our looks when we return, why (he paused a little in his speech) they can look in some other direction."

Then the sense of hunger became dominant, subordinated at times by the sense of danger. "We must keep our eyes and ears open, Dick. We are not out of danger yet. Trouble is certainly ahead of us, we are so far from the Union lines." "Shall we not look for a cornfield, Billy?" "Better wait till it is a little darker, Dick." And thus we passed that eventful day in that gloomy swamp—wet and shivering from rainfall and wading, hungry—hungry as only starving men can be. The sun was nearly set when we made our way out of the swamp and commenced our search for something to eat. After wading through the water for nearly an hour we came out into a heavy pine forest with but little underbrush to impede our progress. At the end of two or three hours' rapid walking we struck a field of corn-shocks. Talk about not living on raw corn? We feasted! It warmed our blood and allayed the gnawing, wolfish hunger that was eating out our vitals. But danger beset us at once. We could scarcely restrain our appetites. But tearing ourselves away from such a blessed supply, and taking an ear of corn in each hand, we took a survey of our surroundings and started northward cheerfully until we came to another swamp, where we had a long argument whether to cross it or go around.

I insisted that if we adopted the policy of going around such obstacles we should never get through —that we must adhere closely to a northward course, and then we would come out all right— that we must be near the Alabama line, and headed for Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga —and that when we got out of Georgia we would be in comparative safety.

"Well, Billy, you are the captain of this squad. You lead out and I will be at your heels," said brave and magnanimous Dick. At the further side of the swamp we came to a considerable stream of water which we crossed and struck through heavy timber again. But we were soon stopped by a noise ahead. Oh! how our hearts thumped. "What in thunder is it?" whispered Dick. My hand was on his mouth instantly. In a few seconds we heard the same sounds again. It was only the snorting of some wild animal, as it went tearing through the brush.

This, the second night of our pilgrimage, did not seem a long one, and we pushed ahead till the birds began to sing for daybreak. We began our lookout for food and soon came to a small field near the middle of which we found a large pile of sweet potatoes covered with vines and straw. Eating all we dared to and carrying away all we could we went into hiding for the second day. We slept soundly in the woods till awakened by pain in our overloaded stomachs. On starting for our third night's tramp we had to walk slowly and carefully till our feet and legs were limbered up. That night we had no disturbance and put

many miles behind us. Toward morning we laid up for the third day. We bathed our feet thoroughly before dark and at Dick's suggestion provided ourselves with clubs for defense. That night we found a rail pen full of white corn in the husks, took a supply into the woods and rested while eating it, then walked on till the braying of mules and lowing of cattle admonished us of approaching day and the necessity of another hiding place. Thus our third day of hiding passed quietly. We slept most of the time and ate some corn which we had carried along. Toward night the rattling of a wagon startled us considerably but it soon passed out of hearing. That night we tried to count our steps to estimate the distance traveled but did not succeed. The fourth day we lay hidden in another swamp. The character of the country was changing; there were more farms and less timber. The fifth night was a gloomy one. There was not much conversation between us. We were nearly worn out. Dick said if he was back in prison he should hesitate about starting, with his present experience in the matter. We crossed a considerable stream, heard the roaring of a mill dam and towards morning the crowing of a rooster, which Dick declared was no Georgia fowl.

While hunting a good place for our fifth day's hiding we were startled by the cry of a pack of bloodhounds behind us in the distance. Our hair fairly stood on end. There was no mistaking the sound, nor was there any hope of escape except in flight. We started on a brisk "double-quick"

and kept it up a long time, across fields, through patches of woods, sometimes in sight of houses, cabins and people, but the latter either did not see us or did not care to join in the pursuit. We got away from the hounds and rested awhile, but fear drove us on all that day and night. As we crossed a main road on the sixth morning we barely escaped detection by plunging into a plum thicket as a wagon rattled by. At every stop we could hear the hounds. "Billy, they're after us; we'll have to go." And on we went. We finally came to a cedar swamp into which we went waist deep. The difficulty of getting out and away on the other side distressed us greatly. The hounds could not follow us into the swamp but we feared they would skirt it and catch us on the other side. But we were so near dead with fatigue and hunger that we decided to remain there till nearly daylight, when by taking advantage of Southern indolence, an early start would put us miles on our way before our pursuers would commence their day's work.

That night Dick had a dream. On waking he said: "I'm all right, Billy, I shall get away."

"How about me?" I asked.

"You are all right, too, Billy."

No persuasion could induce Dick to tell his dream. He feared it was too good to be true, but still stoutly persisted we should get away. And who shall say that dreaming or waking, "coming events do not ofttimes cast their shadows before?"

We emerged from the swamp unobserved on the

seventh morning and alternately walked and ran for our lives. We had reckoned rightly concerning our pursuers. They took a late start in the morning but the hounds must have soon struck our trail for soon after noon we heard them again. Poor Dick exclaimed: "We are in for another day, Billy, and nothing to eat."

I replied: "For God's sake, Dick, don't speak of that. Remember your dream; make up your mind to get through."

So we clasped hands and made all speed possible. At every stop we could hear the bay of the hounds or sound of the horn. At length it was clear they were gaining on us and finally, from the crest of a hill over which we were passing, we caught our first sight of them in the distance. We could see that the hounds were tired, logy and slow, yet the chances were terribly against us. Dick fell down—by accident he stoutly declared—but I had to pound him and get him angry before he got on his feet again. We had by this time learned that we could outrun the hounds through thickets and underbrush; but unfortunately the woods here was too open to afford us much advantage. On running down a long slope we saw a river in the distance with bushy banks and shallow bottom and with rocks and boulders above the water everywhere so that the dogs could have easily crossed on them; so we turned up stream and soon struck a bayou extending inland. As we neared the water we looked back and counted twenty-five bloodhounds and five horsemen in plain view.

"Billy, shall we turn back and give up?"

"No, Dick, never. If we do that we are dead men, sure. Let us get away if we can."

Reaching the bank of this bayou, we plunged in among the bushes and rotten logs and found it very deep and miry. We got behind a rotten log and holding to a snag on the under side, lay quietly with nothing but our faces out of the water. The hounds could not be forced into the

Billy Bates and Dick King's final escape from the hounds.

water. When the men came up they could see nothing of us, but rode up and down the bank some time looking in every direction for some sign of us. They finally decided that we had gotten clear over and gone ahead or that we had

mired and drowned in its treacherous depths. We could hear this conversation distinctly, but never moved a muscle. This discussion ended in their resolving to go into camp for the night on the hill above the bayou and decide on further pursuit next morning. The hounds were exhausted and could neither be coaxed nor whipped into further activity. We could catch glimpses of the treatment of the dogs and began to cherish a hope that our own endurance might triumph over that of the dumb brutes.

After dark on this the eighth night of our flight, we crawled out, drank from what we afterwards learned to be the Chattahoochee River and debated how to get across it without loss of time. It ended in our trying to wade across, finding ourselves in swimming water and in my dragging Dick to the opposite bank by the hair of the head. We dropped in the mud on the opposite bank where we crawled out half drowned and utterly exhausted. We were truly passing through the deep waters—bodies worn out and perishing; hunger impelling us to madness, hope hovering to take her final flight, nothing but darkness ahead of us.

CHAPTER VI.

At Aunt 'Liza's Cabin.

WE ROUSED ourselves at length stiff and sore, wild with hunger and commenced abusing each other in our delirium. But we kept on our feet, walking mechanically, until our attention was arrested by a light ahead, in the middle of a small field. This we thought worst of all. We discussed the propriety of our recrossing the river to get away from human habitation. But the demand for food had become overpowering and we decided to risk an advance to this house. We went to the fence and stood awhile irresolute. We clambered over the fence, crawled near the door and listened for conversation inside. But all was absolute silence. It was an old log cabin in the middle of the patch, without outbuildings of any kind and the light within was the only evidence of any living creature being on the premises. I rapped on the door faintly, in sheer desperation, when to our inexpressible joy the door was slowly opened by an elderly negro woman and no one else appeared to be in the cabin. She had a tin cup in her left hand on top of which was a saucer half filled with grease and a rag in this for a wick which constituted a primitive lamp quite common to negro quarters in the days of slavery. We only heard her joyous exclamation, "Lor' bless your soul, chillun; come right

in; honey, I'se kept over fifty of you;" when our overtaxed faculties gave way and we both fell in a dead faint, ending in sleep.

I don't know how long I remained unconscious, but on waking from a sound sleep I was greatly bewildered. It was a seemingly long time before my mind could take up the thread of the past, down to my last recollection at the cabin door. But this did not explain my present situation. Here I was in darkness. How did I get there? Where was I? Just then the sound of a woman's voice singing overhead was plainly heard. Dick lay by my side still sound asleep. I whispered, "Dick, wake up. You are as hot as a stove. It took some minutes to wake him up; but when his senses were fairly alert, his eyes gleamed like those of a wild beast at bay. Dick finally whispered: "Why, Billy, what makes you stare at me so? Your eyes gleam like a mad tiger." We were both frightened, both desperate, both nerved to fight for our lives.

"Billy, where are we? I am awfully hungry. I hear the hounds yet."

"We are somewhere. Don't you remember the old colored woman. I guess she has hidden us in a cave or cellar. We shall have to wait and see what turns up."

We did not wait long. A door slammed above; some one walked across the floor and our hearts commenced to flutter. We heard a woman talking to some person for a few minutes. Then a wide puncheon was lifted from over our heads and the face of the old negro woman appeared through

the opening. Neither of us spoke to her. Very soon we saw the face of the old man, who was the first to speak.

"Why, God bless you, 'Liza, dem chillun is alive, shure's I'se born. Chillun, you's still livin', isn't you?

"Now, jus' look here, Noah. What's I been praying for des fo'ty yea's? Now chillun, you's in my keer. God will help me to take keer of you. Does you hear me talking to you? Keep up your speerits, chillun."

Our hearts were in our throats. We could say nothing and do nothing but sit with our arms around each other and cry. Noah was dispatched to see if the road was clear and soon reported all right. We were then told to climb out and have something to eat.

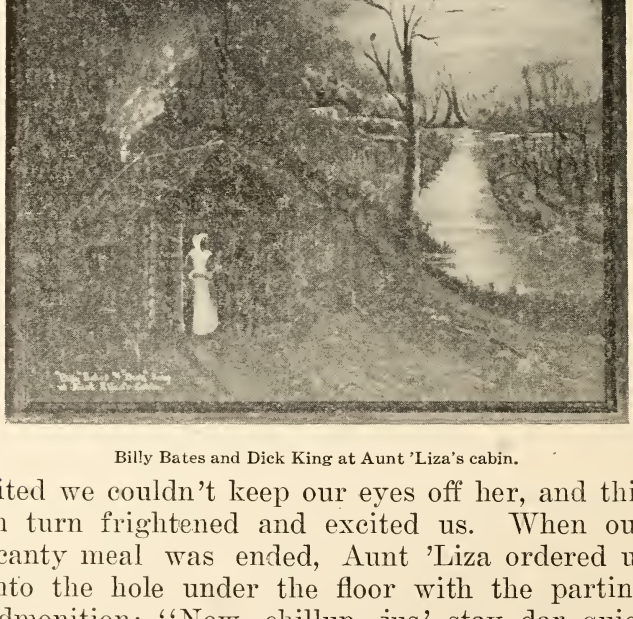
"Why, bless us, what's we been doin.' You, Noah, get in dar and help de chillun out. Wait a minute fust till I looks 'round."

She started outdoors, surveyed the surrounding premises, came back and helped Noah lift us up to the cabin floor. We had been hidden in a sweet potato hole under the cabin floor, in front of the fire-place, about six feet square and four deep, having been carried into the cabin and lowered into it by Aunt 'Liza and Noah, when we dropped at the door from exhaustion the night before. A loose puncheon in the cabin floor formed a sort of trap door and was the only entrance to the place.

"Now, chillun, you must be mighty keerful; you's in an awful plight. Just mind me. I'se your mudder now. Here's a little hoe-cake,

honey. Just wait a minute. Let's see your tongue." Dick complied with the demand, when Aunt 'Liza said, "Noah, bring me the 'possum fat," and each of us were given a spoonful.

Dick and I commenced looking at each other, but couldn't talk much. Our ravenous appetites had strangely and suddenly deserted us. Somehow we were so full we ate but little. Noah was kept outside on watch and Aunt 'Liza was so ex-



Billy Bates and Dick King at Aunt 'Liza's cabin.

cited we couldn't keep our eyes off her, and this in turn frightened and excited us. When our scanty meal was ended, Aunt 'Liza ordered us into the hole under the floor with the parting admonition: "Now, chillun, jus' stay dar quiet till I finds out how you is."

We slept sound all day. When we waked up, a streak of light was shining through a crack in the floor and Aunt 'Liza's cheery voice soon summoned us to a supper of hoe-cake and potatoes. That night we ate ravenously, but Aunt 'Liza doled out our allowance of food and water and no persuasion could get an additional crumb or sup. After supper we sat awhile by the fire and answered innumerable questions asked by Aunt 'Liza and Noah—told them who we were, where we had been and all about our escape from Andersonville. Noah said we were forty miles southwest of Atlanta; four miles from Whitesbury, Coweta County, Georgia; thirty miles from the State line of Alabama; that it was the Chattahoochee River that we had just crossed, and that it was an awful ways to Tennessee. He had been to Chattanooga once to buy mules, but it took him a long time to go and come. Some rebel recruiting and conscription officer had been around a few days before and taken all the men out of the country. He was accompanied by a squad of soldiers and took many by force. They camped five nights before in a clearing by the river and started next morning for Atlanta. Her old master's two boys, mere lads who had never been away from the plantation before, were taken among others. "What kin dese little boys do? I tell you now, de Confederacy's gettin' mighty skeered. Dere's been a big fight up in Tennessee and de papers say de Yanks got terribly whipped."

"What den makes de Confeds so skeered," said Aunt 'Liza.

No master of logic could have reasoned better. We thanked God for her sturdy faith.

"Aunty, where is your master?"

"He's a colonel at Atlanta, and 'specks he'll be a gineral."

"Can you get that paper you tell us about?"

"Yes. Go 'way, don't tells me you 'uns can read?"

"Yes we can, Aunty. Get us the paper that tells about the fight."

So Noah was dispatched to the plantation to get some meal, charged with the mission of purloining or stealing the newspaper. He returned late in the afternoon with only a part of the newspaper. But this portion contained a war map showing the position of rebel troops, fortifications and line of railroad from Bridgeport to Atlanta, which afterwards proved of great service to us on our way northward.

"Aunty, how long have you lived here," said I.

"Lor' bless you, chillun, I'se always lived here."

"Are you a slave?"

"No, I'se a free woman, and Noah's a free man. Ole massa had three hundred slaves and they'se all gone to make forts at Atlanta, but jus' de ole man and woman at de plantation. Dis lot is mine. I got my freedom and Noah's nussin' and doctorin' de sick folks todder side de ribber. No Yankee soldiers has got here yit. Dem Unionists we was talkin' about was de men de Confeds was

huntin', 'cause dey 'spected dey's run away to de Union lines. De kurnel wanted 'em to go with him, but dey wouldn't. Dey was goin' to de Yanks de fus chance dey got. When de captain was heah last week he hung two men on dat big tree you see down dar, 'cause dey wouldn't go to Atlanta but tried to run away."

We remained at Aunt 'Liza's eight days. On the evening of the sixth day Dick and I were in the hole as usual when we heard horsemen approaching. Aunt 'Liza warned us not to breathe. In a few minutes there was a "hello" at the door. Noah answered the summons by asking who was there.

"We want to see Aunt 'Liza."

She hobbled to the door as if in great pain, saying, "Bress my soul, what you want? Doesn't ye know I'se powerful sick?"

They were hunting a man who had escaped on the way to Atlanta, and wanted to know if anybody had been around the place. She declared no stranger had been around there since they hung the two men on the big tree. They rode away leaving strict orders that if she saw anyone passing to send word to the plantation, where they expected to remain a couple of days. After they departed she cautioned Noah "'bout seein' too much. Folks wan't bleeged to see everything in the world for someone else, for if you does see something, you needn't know who 'tis. We has to take keer of dese chillun in de hole. Dey's our chillun; do you hear me, Noah?"

As the captain rode away he said he would

return next day and make further inquiries. This became alarming. Our chances for escaping unobserved were lessened by his stay in the neighborhood, and we were not allowed to come out of the hole that day. The captain rode by next day as he promised, made some inquiries and passed on. Noah went to the plantation to spy out the land for us, and returned with the news that the captain and his men had gone and that there was no longer any danger from that quarter.

CHAPTER VII.

Challenged by a Union Sentinel.

WE SPENT that day in planning our route of escape, for it was decided that we should start on our way that night. Aunt 'Liza baked a large quantity of hoe-cakes and potatoes, and made a coarse sack for us to carry provisions, suspended by a rope like a haversack. She also made up a quantity of salve, composed of lard, rosin, red pepper, asafetida and catnip, for our feet, for the double purpose of relieving their soreness and for destroying the scent of the hounds, should we be again pursued by them. She declared its composition to be a secret known to only a few colored people in the whole section of the country, and pledged us solemnly to preserve her secret. She assured us that if our feet

were occasionally anointed with new salve no hound could follow our trail, and that we would be absolutely free from that danger. We had no means of testing its efficacy in that particular. The good old soul loaded us down with hoe-cakes and motherly advice. By the force of that divine law implanted in the souls of all human beings, which causes their love and providing care to go out in full measure toward every creature which is absolutely dependent upon them, Aunt 'Liza's maternal instinct had become her dominant passion, and she would have gone to the stake or have been torn to pieces with red-hot pincers in defense of "dese chillun," as dear to her at that time as her own flesh and blood. She parted from us in grief and tears—called us back many times for an additional word of warning, advice and blessing, and our last glimpse of her was in silhouette, as her bent form went into her cabin with its firelight beyond her and the darkness of night enveloping everything outside.

When I think of the tender heart and royal soul of this poor, downtrodden black woman of the South, language fails to express how much I owe her. I should be an ingrate if I did not make confession, and in that future to which all are so rapidly tending, I know she will be among the glorified saints who come up through tribulation to stand in the presence of God. Dear old Aunty, farewell, farewell.

Noah went with us to the bridge across the river, piloted us safely into the woods beyond it, repeated his oft-told instructions as to roads and

routes, when he too had to shake hands and leave us to pursue our wanderings alone toward the blessed land of freedom lying northward. The parting with Aunt 'Liza and Noah depressed us greatly. It severed the last link between ourselves and our protectors, and I feel it no shame to say that Dick and I sat down and cried like children. But this did not last long. The excitement soon possessed us again and we started on rapidly. In pursuance of our old plan we lay in the woods and thickets by daylight, and traveled rapidly by night. We at first ate sparingly of our provisions, but as we found the character of the country rapidly changing for the better, and cornfields and potato patches more frequent, we indulged our appetites more and more. One day while in hiding we heard church bells ringing for the first time in over two years. That evening we saw a darkey trying to catch a mule in a pasture, but decided not to trust him. At night there came a pouring rain, so we travelled all night along a main road, in the storm. We passed through a village without seeing a human being and the morning brought us in sight of mountains. We also found a pen of white corn and replenished our rations. On one occasion we were disturbed by dogs, but as they were only common country curs we were not greatly alarmed and soon passed out of their bailiwick. We camped in a huckleberry swamp on a foot range of the mountains not far from Big Shanty, as we afterwards supposed, and at night followed a railroad track till day-

light. Walking over the ties was hard on our unshod feet.

The next day while lying in the brush we saw one or two trains pass—the first we had seen since leaving Andersonville. The next night's trail led through an agricultural country. Corn and sweet potatoes were plenty. We found some Irish potatoes dropped in furrows for planting and yet uncovered. Some of these paid tribute to our voracious appetites. That night we heard the booming of the cannon to the right, so we bore westward a trifle more and met with no hindrance of any kind. During the following day we frequently saw white people passing, and heard much noise and shooting to the eastward. But we lay quiet nearly all day among the rocks and gulches. At night we pursued our way cautiously till nearly daylight, when increased noise and the braying of mules frightened us into hiding. It was clear we were in the vicinity of an army, but whether they were friends or enemies we could not yet decide.

Excitement ran high with us that day. If these were Union troops our hardships and dangers were nearly ended. But if, on the contrary, it was a Confederate army we had run into a sack from which escape would be doubly difficult and dangerous. There was no course for us to pursue but that of masterly inactivity. We must watch and wait.

That night we came to woods where the trees had all been felled. The ground was covered with chips and blocks and some hewed timber lay

around. Passing around this we came to an unfenced cornfield with woods beyond. We proceeded with great caution till brought to a standstill by seeing a light ahead. We lay down for a time and discussed the probabilities in whispers. Our decision was to advance carefully towards the light and try to learn something by observation. So we crawled along between the old corn rows hugging the ground as closely as possible for quite a distance. In one of our advances we got on some dry cornstalks which snapped with a loud noise, and the word "Halt!" rang on our ears like a clap of thunder. We were nearly stunned with fright and lay still as death for some minutes. On attempting to move again, the cornstalks began to crack, and again came the startling command, "Halt!" This time we perceived a dark form in the distance and rightly concluded that we had crawled within range of some advanced picket. Was he friend or foe? We whispered a few words in our great extremity, decided we could do nothing better than to respond to his challenge. We might be able to discover what army he belonged to at a glance, and by making a dash in the dark might possibly escape if he proved to be an enemy. So we both rose to our feet. "Who comes there?" rang out again. We saw the glimmer of brass buttons on the sentry's clothing, heard the click of his musket as he brought it to a full cock, and with a feeling amounting almost to a certainty (based upon his speech and actions) that he belonged to

the Federal army, replied: "A friend without the countersign."

"Advance friend. Who are you?"

We now recognized the uniform and replied, "We are Union prisoners escaped from Andersonville."

The soldier, who proved to be Simeon Collins, Company D, Seventh Illinois Infantry, called for the corporal of the guard, who came in a hurry with a squad of men.

By this time nature had given way again. The sudden transition was too much for our poor, enfeebled bodies, and we tumbled down limp as babies. But strong hands took hold of us, strong arms were put under us, and we were speedily borne back to the campfire in the edge of the woods, which first attracted our attention. Some hot coffee and a little hardtack soon revived us, and the questioning began and was kept up for two hours. Dick and I replied alternately as each became exhausted.

We escaped from Andersonville on March 2d and this was March 28th, and we were near Bridgeport, Alabama.

CHAPTER VIII.

At General Sherman's Headquarters.

WE REMAINED at the post all night. When the officer of the guard came around in the morning, he sent for an ambulance and took us to General McQuiston's headquarters, towards Stevenson. We desired to see General Sherman, so McQuiston sent us back to General Ruger's headquarters, near Lookout Mountain, to whose command the Seventh Illinois belonged. General Ruger detailed Collins to guard and transport us to General Sherman, who was then near Cleveland Junction on an inspection tour of his three army corps, extending from Huntsville to Knoxville.

This intervening time seems like a dream. We were more dead than alive, from starvation and exposure, and could only lie still and eat and sleep. Food was given to us carefully and as much freedom from excitement secured as possible under the circumstances. But the train made long and frequent stoppages and we were conscious of a pressing and excited throng of officers and men hovering about us continually. They would stand and gaze at us awhile in dumb excitement, then burst into volleys of oaths and imprecations against the Southern Confederacy and the leaders in the rebellion, and pass on in tears to make place for the throngs which surged behind them.

At Cleveland Junction we were taken by am-

bulance to General Sherman's. As Collins, our guard, lifted me out of the ambulance, I saw the great Union General on a campstool in front of his tent. Campstools were brought out for us and we were placed in his presence, but seeing our weakness we were soon stretched on a couple of cots. Then began the usual round of questions by General Sherman himself, in his peculiar, quick and nervous manner. Dick and I answered him as fully as possible and gave a detailed account of our capture, imprisonment and escape, down to our final appearance in front of General Ruger's pickets near Bridgeport, and after that Collins became our spokesman and told him of carrying us within the lines and bringing us to his headquarters by order of General McQuiston.

I don't know how to describe General Sherman's appearance during the recital of our pitiful tale. He seemed in an abstracted mood at first, but as the narrative progressed he showed more interest and occasionally interrupted us by asking a question. Later on he leaned forward and listened intently and eagerly, as though he feared he should lose or forget some part of the story. Towards the close his face was flushed with excitement and anger, the veins on his forehead were swollen and his whole nervous organization was strung to its highest tension.

The staff surgeon was directed to take us in charge and see that we had all needful medical attention. Everybody seemed to be crowding about, and officers from the surrounding vicinity came swarming by scores to see for themselves

the reality of Andersonville prison. But little was said for a few minutes, but the clenched fists and glassy eyes outran all speech, and occasionally the muttering would break into a tempest of execration. General Sherman was not ready to part with us yet. He walked into his tent for a few minutes, apart from every one else, as if collecting his thoughts before deciding what should be done with us, and presently came out where we were stretched on our cots, and began to talk very calmly, for him, in a soothing, reassuring tone.

"I'm glad you escaped, boys, glad you escaped. That's the kind of grit that brings men through. Don't think of giving up. Never say die. Don't you be alarmed; you shall be taken care of. The grit and nerve that has brought you thus far will see you clear through, easy enough, if you only resolve to live.

He then asked if there was anything he could do for us.

"I should like to live long enough to see President Lincoln and then go home and die," was my answer.

General Sherman caught at this remark as one that had been uppermost in own mind, and said quickly, "You shall, you shall; Lincoln shall see you just as you are. Cheer up, boys; cheer up. You shall be sent to Washington. You shall see the President. And now I have a favor to ask of you. I want you to take especial care to tell your story to President Lincoln precisely as you told it to me. Don't try to study up something to say.

Stand up before him and don't be afraid. Talk to him just as you talked to me and tell him the plain story of your imprisonment, your starvation and your escape. Your condition and appearance will vouch for its truth; but I want it told from your own mouth, just as you told it to me—I will get at that hell-hole yet, and when I do—"

His whole frame dilated and his stature seemed increased by inches as he looked around on all assembled, and without another word strode away with the fiery impetus of some fabled god of antiquity.

The surgeon advised that we be sent directly home and used all the argument at his command. Our condition was such that mental excitement would kill us. Our diet for a long time must be beef tea, milk and the simplest forms of food, in small quantities. We needed tender nursing. Our restoration must be conducted slowly or we would never recover. But General Sherman's mind was made up. Collins was detailed from his command, given written orders to take us under guard to Washington City and directed to present us in person to President Lincoln without the slightest change of clothing and as near in our then condition as was possible under the circumstances.

This was a great surprise to us. We had not expected so much attention from General Sherman, nor such interest in our story. We were not fit to be presented to anyone except upon urgent necessity, much less to the President of the United States. We were ragged, filthy, covered

with vermin, without hats, caps, shoes or a vestige of any kind of clothing except the rags remaining from the shirt and pants we had on when captured sixteen months before, and were now to be sent to the President under guard, unwashed, uncombed, unclothed and covered with sores.

As soon as the General left us, Dick commenced:

"Billy, shall we ever get home?"

"We mustn't think of home, Dick, or we'll certainly never get there alive. We must make up our minds to face the music."

"Well, Billy, I think they might give us something to eat. Just look at the goodies in that tent."

"Yes, but the surgeon has given his orders, Dick. We must think of something else. We should certainly kill ourselves eating if we were turned loose in that tent."

"Well, Billy, I guess we are in for it again. But I wish the boys wouldn't talk to us so much. I'm worn out, and want to hide myself awhile."

CHAPTER IX.

On to Washington.

OUR GUARD soon returned with written orders and said he was ready to go. General Sherman came and shook hands with us as we were leaving, telling us to keep up our

courage, that everything possible should be done for our comfort, and when we reached Washington we could tell the President that his army was headed for Andersonville and would never halt while that hell-hole was in existence.

Our feet were so sore we could neither walk nor stand while waiting for the train, but the boys carried us aboard the cars and fixed us comfortably on boards laid across the backs of the seats. We slept soundly until wakened by the faithful Collins to receive our ration of beef tea. We greatly needed rest and desired to be alone; but the news spread that we were prisoners escaped from Andersonville and the crowd besieged us continually until Collins finally took the matter in hand and kept us as quiet as possible.

A long, wearisome ride brought us to a station below Murfreesborough, where the train was sidetracked and lay all night expecting an attack from a gang of bushwhackers who had torn up the road. Our train was guarded by a detachment of soldiers and the doors were barricaded with bales of hay, some of the detachment lying on their arms while others occupied a small block house not far away. The next forenoon the bushwhackers drove in the Union pickets, rode up to the outskirts of the village and opened the attack. Finding the train well defended they soon withdrew to the hills, leaving four horses and eleven dead men behind.

But little damage had been done the track and we reached headquarters safely that evening. Here a surgeon was called in to prescribe for us.

He found us nearly helpless from stomach trouble. A cordial was given us and an additional man detailed to assist Collins in getting us to Nashville.

Arrived at Nashville we were very weak and became almost unconscious; but we realized that a quarrel was going on between our guard and a surgeon. The latter insisted on taking us to a hospital but Collins was not to be interfered with, and procuring some extra blankets he made us beds on the floor of the depot until we were again taken aboard the train for Louisville.

While in the depot a motherly old lady was constantly by our side. She was the first woman who had ministered to us since we parted from Aunt 'Liza. She got a basin of water and wanted to wash our hands and faces but was informed that it was contrary to the orders of General Sherman. She was not allowed to do much for us but could not be prevented from freely speaking her mind about our condition. We learned that she was Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, of Preston, Fillmore County, Minnesota—that she had come to Nashville to nurse one of her sons who was in the hospital there—that he had died in her arms and she was now on her way home with his body—that her husband had been killed at Corinth, and that her younger and only remaining son was in the army with Sherman.

She said to us: "Boys, you may be sure George will never be taken alive. My last words to him were: 'George, never turn your back to the enemy.' He will come home to me yet."

"Talk to me about loyalty, about blood," said

Dick, in his admiration of this heroic woman, "she is not made of the same clay as the woman who spit in the face of poor, starving, dying Chaplain Hathaway."

Mrs. Moore accompanied us as far as Louisville and was constant in her kind attentions, giving us our beef tea and medicine with prescribed regularity.

At Munfordsville, Kentucky, another surgeon, seeing our condition, insisted that we should be taken from the train for a day's rest, but Collins objected and we began to feel that we could stand the trip without delaying. Mrs. Moore took us in hand and asserted the prerogatives of a nurse and drove away all curious, idle questioners. Sleep—beef tea—sleep again seemed hourly recurrences.

At Munfordsville we met a trainload of exchanged rebel prisoners from Rock Island on their way southward. They were healthy, fleshy and well clothed. Some of them were brought to see us, that they might realize the difference between the treatment at Northern and Southern prisons. They spoke out like men and cursed those who had treated us in such an inhuman manner, in hearty Southern fashion.

At Louisville we were driven to the soldiers' home for accommodations for the night, but those in authority objected to receiving us in such an informal manner. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they thought we were too vermin-ridden to lodge within their dainty walls, and by far too filthy for their immaculate sheets. But Collins

was armed for the fray and flaunted General Sherman's orders right and left, until he came out ahead, as usual. It ended in the superintendent carrying me to my room in his own arms. But the room was soon swarming with officers and privates anxious to hear from friends and relatives and but little rest was obtained that night.

In the morning we were carried on board a steamer bound for Cincinnati. Mrs. Moore came aboard to say farewell and the good advice which she gave us would alone fill a fair-sized book. We parted from her with sincere regret. "She hath done what she could" will be proclaimed by the recording angel at the resurrection of the quick and the dead.

After being placed in as good quarters as could be found for us at that time, with extra blankets for beds, we sank down and tried to be contented with our lot. The cold, disagreeable weather began to tell against us. Our minds had also been worked up to such a pitch by our parting with Mrs. Moore that we could not settle down to sleep. The good woman's face seemed as visible before our closed eyes as it ever did when they were open. Her kind words rang in our ears continually until supplanted by the noise of the boat's machinery.

The captain of the vessel soon came to see about our transportation and was referred to our guard. Collins told him that he wanted to keep us as quiet as possible. As the weather was fair he thought us about as comfortable hidden away in

one corner of the deck as we would be anywhere else, but the captain seemed dissatisfied. He looked at us in silence for a few minutes and walked away. But he soon returned and had Collins carry us into an elegant stateroom which he had hastily prepared for us by spreading a good bed on the floor. He was a very nervous man and could not bear to see us suffering from filth and vermin and sworn that neither General Sherman nor any other man should treat passengers so inhumanly while he was running that boat. He was determined to have us put into bathtubs, washed and barbered, and said we should be dressed in decent clothing if he had to give us his own right there.

So Collins had to go over the whole ground again and beg the captain not to compel a violation of General Sherman's orders. The reason for transporting us in this condition to the President was a good and sufficient one. We were able to endure our journey in our present condition and one object lesson such as we afforded would do more to inflame the hearts of rulers and people and bring the war to a close than all the stump speeches that had been made since it commenced; Collins also paraded his orders from General Sherman until Captain Winters reluctantly consented to leave us as we were.

Gentlemen and ladies also began to call at our stateroom to see us and talk with us. They were generally so well dressed and so stylish that we were greatly ashamed of ourselves and heartily wished they could be kept away. All

asked the same questions, expressed the same opinions and wanted to have us washed and dressed. Collins was driven into constant obstinacy.

"Billy," said Dick, "what makes people such fools? Why can't they let us alone?"

We were given an opiate and the crowds driven away, that we might obtain a little sleep.

Later on we talked over the situation as coolly as possible, and concluded to stand the racket if we possibly could. We began to pity Collins. He scarcely got any rest, day or night, and we were afraid he would break down before we got to the end of our journey.

Another trouble had arisen to destroy Dick's peace of mind. He had learned that our probable route lay through Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, "Billy, that's my home. How can we manage so that mother will not find us out? That point distresses me terribly. If mother was to learn that I was on a passing train, Sherman's whole army could not get me through that town nor take me away from her again. What shall we do, Billy; what shall we do?"

I suggested that we might take a lay off and go by another route.

"But Billy, what's the use of taking us dirty, ragged fellows to President Lincoln? He won't so much as look at us."

"Dick, don't talk that way. All we ever heard of Old Abe proved him to be a tender-hearted man. Sherman has some plan in sending us, and it will pay us to try to live it out. The only

thing I am afraid of is that we shall break down and not be able to tell him our story as General Sherman directed. We must brace up, old fellow, and not be ashamed. It is not our fault that we are ragged and filthy. If we are sent in this condition people can see how the boys in Andersonville are clothed and fed. We can stand it awhile longer. We can represent the facts as they are, and if we talked about it to the day of our death we could never tell it all. We mustn't think of home yet. We'll get through Harrisburg somehow."

We stayed twenty-four hours in the soldiers' home at Cincinnati. Collins secreted us as much as possible and we had a fair night's rest. In the morning we were driven to the depot and Collins soon had a bed prepared. But crowds collected to look at us—wanted to know who we were, where we were going, and why we were allowed to remain in such a horrible condition. Poor Collins' tribulations commenced anew. To show churlishness and refuse answers would insure his being pitched off the train with a broken head. So he had to tell his story for the hundredth time, but that would scarcely suffice.

"Boys, what State are you from?" said a gentleman standing near me.

"From Ohio, the best State in the Union," was my feeble reply.

"What, are you one of our boys?"

"Yes, sir. I belong to Troop H, Ninth Cavalry."

"My goodness, they are not taking you to Washington in that plight, are they?"

"Yes, sir," we replied, "by General Sherman's personal and positive orders."

"Ah, yes, I begin to see it now, but by the Eternal, these boys must have some clothes. Are Ohio men such beggars as to allow an Ohio soldier boy to go in such rags as these? These boys shall be taken from the train before it starts. They shall be cleaned and clothed at my expense before they can go a mile further. Where's your home?"

"Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio. But, captain, please keep still for our sake, please do. We have to go. You can't help it. Sherman's orders must be obeyed and Collins is bound to enforce them. We are nearly tired to death. If you want to do anything for us, keep these people away, so they cannot talk us to death. That is all we ask of you."

"Boys, it can't be helped. I must have answers to a few questions. I must know your names; where you are from, and how you got away."

"But hold on, captain, we don't want our folks to know we are coming home just yet."

"Yes, but boys, you may never get home."

"O yes, we will. We're not going to die on the way there, after all we have gone through. No, no."

"Wait a minute, boys, I want to see a man in the back car."

He returned in a few minutes with an elderly gentleman whom he introduced as Doctor George Ross, of Xenia, Ohio, telling him to see if we needed medical attention.

Doctor Ross looked at us a few minutes without saying a word. After an examination he said we were living on excitement and must have rest.

"Boys, I'll see you through. You must have extra care. You shall have it. It would be a shame for an Ohio boy to make this trip without a medical attendant, so I will go myself. You must have a little brandy and milk."

The more the matter came to be understood the greater became the excitement, and it was with extreme difficulty that people could be prevented from taking forcible possession of us and putting us in better condition.

At Xenia, the home of Doctor Ross, the crowd was immense, and the rush and press to "see the prisoners" and question us about Andersonville was overwhelming. Sufficient provisions to feed a company were showered upon us. The good ladies were "sure they could eat something," and were free with their complaints to the doctor because he had not telegraphed sooner, etc. We could make little or no reply, but lay quietly wondering when this parade and excitement would be over.

"Billy," groaned honest Dick, "I wish all the cake and chicken were out of sight," and out of the window they went by the hands of Doctor Ross, and Collins was instructed not to allow another morsel of tempting food to be brought into the car under any circumstances.

"Now, boys," said the good doctor, "it is time for more brandy and milk, that's what you need instead of pies and cakes. These dainties may be

tempting when you see them, but it would be certain death to eat them."

Dick thought if we could sleep all the way to Washington it would be splendid. The doctor said we should sleep at the proper time.

When the brakeman yelled out "London" I was greatly excited and dreaded recognition by some of my acquaintances. Crowds forced their way in with provisions, but were persuaded to file past without speaking to us on account of our weak condition. The platform was covered with excited men and women, with a heavy sprinkling of soldiers. As soon as we were fairly away from the depot the provisions which had been left followed the former lot through the car window, and another source of aggravation was removed. Dick begged the doctor to keep these things out of the car and he promised to do so if possible.

At Columbus some old ladies were seated opposite us and kept up a running fire of questions. "Did you know so and so?" "Tell us about Andersonville." "How long were you there?" "Where are you going?" "Why were you sent in such a plight?" etc., etc., until the conductor interfered and removed them to other seats.

A gentleman addressed Doctor Ross familiarly and asked who he had there.

"I'm blest if I know. They are Ohio boys on their way to President Lincoln, by orders of General Sherman. They have just escaped from Andersonville. Look here, Ed," said the doctor as he raised the blanket and showed us to his friend.

"I'm afraid my boy is there," was all the reply

he could make in husky tones, choking with tears and indignation. He put some money in our hands, saying that was the only way he could help us. "O, yes, you must take it; you'll need it. If I could help you some other way I wouldn't try to force the money upon you, but this is all I can do, and you must take it for the sake of my boy. O, if I could only know where he is."

He shook hands tenderly on leaving the car and said: "Boys, you mustn't give up the ship. Don't lose your grip. When your visit is ended come back to Zanesville and stay awhile with old Ed Stoneman. He'll take care of you in fine style."

"Dick, that's what Ohio is made of," said I, "no bloodhounds to chase starving prisoners here. These are the sort of people I like to meet, but I'd like to turn them loose on Andersonville for awhile." Dick laughed at the suggestion and remarked: "There'll be nothing for bloodhounds to live on when Sherman gets through with Georgia."

"That's the kind of talk," said Doctor Ross. "Just keep that up and you'll gain ten pounds a day. Why, you'll be wanting to go back to your regiments before you get out of Washington City."

Dick didn't want any more cavalry service, but thought infantry was good enough for him. Beef tea—sleep—Zanesville—more beef tea—brandy and milk—more sleep—the constant rumbling and jolting of our train—opening and slamming of doors—crowds of questioners and answers by Doctor Ross and Collins in dreamy succession.

We passed through Wheeling, Pittsburg and Altoona in a state of semi-consciousness, and before our arrival at Harrisburg, Doctor Ross kindly gave us an opiate that carried us far beyond the city in blissful ignorance of all surroundings, and Dick was thus spared the most dreaded episode of his journey.

CHAPTER X.

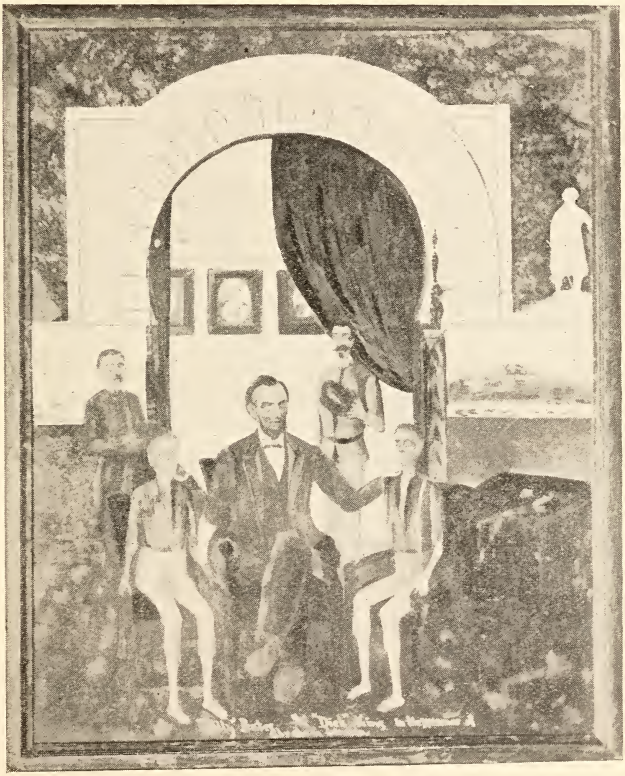
At the White House.

WE ARRIVED at Washington about 6:30 A. M., April 28th, 1864. Collins left us in care of Doctor Ross at a sort of a soldiers' home or hospital near the depot, and reported to President Lincoln immediately. He soon returned with orders to convey us to the White House at once. We were accordingly loaded into an omnibus and driven under the famous portico at the main entrance to that historic building and carried into a reception room on the first floor, where we remained an hour or more. The guard then beckoned to Collins and took him directly to the President by virtue of the orders which he bore from General Sherman.

He returned in a few minutes followed by President Lincoln. The President came striding across the room, took each of us by the hand, saying, "Come along, boys; come along," and

undertook to lead us into an adjoining room.

Our feet had become so swollen and sore that we had scarcely borne our weight on them since leaving Cincinnati, but we did manage, by the aid



Billy Bates and Dick King in the presence of Abraham Lincoln at the White House.

of Collins and Doctor Ross, to hobble along to the next room. The effort, pain and excitement took

away our speech for a minute.

Mr. Lincoln wheeled a couple of fine tapestried chairs into position for us, but we demurred to soiling them. He kindly pushed us down into them, saying, "There is nothing in the White House too good for my boys," and sat a moment looking at us with one hand on my head and the other on Dick's shoulder.

"Now, boys, tell me all about it. I want to hear your story. General Sherman has asked for a patient hearing of all you have to say. So tell me all about it."

We were still unable to speak. His considerate kindness broke us down. We burst into tears and were almost hysterical. Seeing our condition, the President continued in a kindly tone of voice, "Don't break down now, boys. Cheer up and remember that you are almost home. We are all friends here, and I want you as friends of mine to do me a favor and tell me all you can about Andersonville."

Recovering in a measure our self control, we began, and as we warmed up to the work we forgot the wounds, bruises, sores and filth of our starved, emaciated bodies—forgot for the time the horrors of imprisonment and the deadly perils of escape—forgot even that we were at the seat of our great nation, in sight of its magnificent capitol and in the presence of the greatest living ruler, and the noblest, grandest man on earth.

We talked on and on with a perfect abandon.

When one grew too weak for speech the other continued the tale.

The President listened with close attention and until we finished our long and rambling story, and rarely interrupted us by a word or a question.

When we had finished he turned to Dick and asked whose son he was. Dick replied that his father was dead, was killed at Fort Donelson, but his mother was Mary King of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The President took his full name, company, regiment and State. Having noted these down, he turned to me, saying:

"Who are you, my boy?"

I replied that I was a son of Calvin Bates, of Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio—Ralph Bates by name, and belonged to Troop H, Ninth Ohio Cavalry.

A gentleman present stepped in front of me and asked sharply: "What was that you said, boy?" His quick manner startled me, but I repeated that I was the son of Calvin Bates, of Richland County, Ohio, and that I knew him perfectly well —that he was General Sam Cary, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and that I had sat on his knee dozens of times in my father's house.

Mr. Lincoln looked nervously towards him and asked:

"Cary, do you know this boy's father?"

"Know his father? Know that boy's father? Indeed I do. He is doing as much or more than any man in the State of Ohio towards supplying the army and putting down the rebellion."

The President sprang to his feet and started toward the door, saying, "My God, when will this accursed thing end?"

He and General Cary excused themselves for a few minutes, as I afterwards learned, to transmit the following telegram to my father:

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.,
April 28, 1864.

Calvin Bates, Mansfield, Ohio:

Your son, Ralph Bates, of Troop H, Ninth Ohio Cavalry, has made his escape from Andersonville prison. He is in my care. I will send him home. Don't let him die. ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President.

He returned in a few minutes and said: "Now, boys, just keep quiet; we will soon have your affairs all right," and commenced to question us anew.

"Did the guards take good care of you? Who is the other man you have alluded to, boys?"

Collins replied that it was Doctor Ross, of Xenia, Ohio, who came with us at his own expense.

"Where is he? Bring him in immediately."

He then questioned Doctor Ross closely concerning our condition when he first saw us at Cincinnati, and finally, turning to Collins, ordered

him to have us washed and supplied with suitable clothing and returned at once to the White House.

While Collins was securing a carriage the President and General Cary were walking about the room talking in undertones.

On our return to the hospital we were taken to the bathroom and stripped of our rags, when the work of cleaning up began. We were rubbed, scrubbed, scraped and doused until we could endure it no longer, and our hair and beards were shingled as close to the skin as possible. Brandy was administered once or tiwce to strengthen us for the ordeal, but it came near being too much for us in spite of all. We actually collapsed until the doctor was alarmed.

A free use of stimulants rallied us for a time and the work of donning new suits of blue commenced. Our new clothes hung on us like the covering of a scarecrow.

Our novel appearance at once aroused Dick's vein of humor and he remarked: "Collins, you are the most extravagant man I ever saw."

"Why so?" asked Collins.

"Don't you see we could just as well both be put into one suit and thus be more economical?"

After this transformation we were re-conveyed to the White House and put to bed.

The President came in to see us, and finding us in bed, limp, white and speechless, said:

"Has it come to this? Never mind, you will soon be walking about."

Just then a lady came into the room, when Mr. Lincoln turned to us and said:

"Boys, this is the other half of this administration." He seemed to be in a jovial mood, made a number of humorous remarks and told stories to provoke our sense of mirth, and gave us several pretty severe pinches, as he said, "Just to see if there was a pinch of flesh on either of us."

Mrs. Lincoln was for giving us "something good to eat," but Doctor Ross forbade it peremptorily.

Mr. Lincoln said Doctor Ross was medical director of that department and must be obeyed accordingly. We were then left alone for a much needed sleep.

On waking Doctor Ross took us to another room to be weighed. Here we found President Lincoln, General Cary and several other gentlemen assembled to witness this operation and certify to its correctness. Mr. Lincoln was weighmaster and directed Dick to be put on the scales. He seemed to distrust his own senses the first time and had him put on again to be sure he was right.

"Cary, this man weighs sixty-four and a half pounds."

I was next put on the scales, when he called out: "Cary, this one weighs only fifty-nine and three-fourths pounds."

The President returned with us to our bedroom and sat some time, asking additional questions about Andersonville, as they occurred to him. As I answered carefully I observed that General Cary was taking notes of all that was said. On

leaving the room with General Cary the President remarked: "I hope you will rest tonight. I will send you home as soon as it is safe for you to travel."

The next day was one of glorious, unbroken rest. Visitors were excluded.

The following morning we were carried into a large dining-room and propped up in chairs in front of the table, when President Lincoln came in and seated himself between us. Our breakfast consisted of beef tea and boiled milk; there was nothing else in sight on the table.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Home.

AFTER BREAKFAST the President had another interview with Collins, but we could not hear the conversation. Another day and night passed without interruption. On the following morning we were much improved. On the eleventh morning President Lincoln came to the room to say goodbye and told us to be of good cheer for we were to start for home that day. We tried to thank him for his kindness but did not succeed very well in words, but he assured us we need not be anxious about that. Collins was to see Dick safe home at Harrisburg, and two Vermont soldiers just out of the convalescent hospital were detailed to take me to Mansfield.

Taking our last farewell of President Lincoln we started for the depot, steamed out from the shadow of the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the capitol, and felt for the first time that we were indeed on the way home. Every possible arrangement seems to have been made for our comfort, by direction of the President. We learned from Collins that he had been given a furlough of sixty days. He intended visiting friends in Pittsburg for a day or two and then proceed to his home in Moline, Illinois, at which place he desired letters sent him occasionally informing him how we were getting on, etc. Doctor Ross determined to accompany me to Mansfield after leaving Dick in Harrisburg.

The thought of separation depressed Dick and myself greatly, but it was not until the train actually stopped at Harrisburg and Doctor Ross took Dick in his arms to carry him from the car that we fully realized how dear we had become to each other.

Mrs. King stood waiting on the platform and in a moment there was a rush, and I could hear her thanking God and invoking His blessing on all who had befriended her boy. The doctor put Dick into a cab and returned with Mrs. King, who insisted on seeing me.

"I have prayed, and prayed for you both, now I am entirely satisfied. Goodbye, me boy, and may God save ye and bless ye always," was the last I heard as the train moved away.

Doctor Ross sat by me for awhile, but neither he nor Collins could fill Dick's place, and my grief

and excitement became so great that the doctor administered an opiate.

The next morning we parted with Collins at Pittsburg and soon crossed the line into Ohio. I had a morbid dread of meeting old acquaintances and as I rode on from station to station I was constantly looking around to see if any one knew me. But fortunately we passed through Alliance and other places where I had many friends without any painful recognitions. Canton and Wooster were called out, but the stations seemed to be a thousand miles apart.

At last we pulled into Mansfield, just after dark, and by arrangement with Doctor Ross I was hastily taken from the car on the opposite side from the platform, put into a carriage unobserved and driven to the Wilder House, where I hoped to hide away from the crowd until my people could be notified of my arrival.

As I was carried into the private entrance the landlady inquired: "Who is there?"

Doctor Ross replied, "A sick soldier. Please keep very quiet but give us a comfortable bed immediately."

But she was expecting my arrival and knew me at sight. When I was comfortably in bed she called to her husband. He wanted to know what was the matter.

"Nothing. But come here," and as he entered the room she said: "See Cal.'s boy."

Mr. Crosby stood gazing at me awhile in dumb astonishment, deliberately took off his coat and vest and hung them up on a peg in the same room,

rolled his shirt sleeves above his elbow, as though these combined operations in some way gave vent to his feelings, and marched away in search of my father.

He found him in the crowd inquiring and looking for me. The two came into the room together and my father stood looking at me for a few minutes without attempting to speak, when he turned away suddenly and commenced stripping off his clothes like a prize fighter, precisely as Mr. Crosby had done.

The two men started out together. My presence was restraining upon them—the walls of a house, —a suffocating confinement. They sought the free open air of the streets and commons of Mansfield before either could give vent to his emotions. Citizens assembled by hundreds and followed them about, sympathized and condoled or cursed and swore, as their varying moods impelled them, and a carnival by Bedlamites never half equalled the extravagance of that quiet inland city that night.

But while Mr. Crosby was hunting my father, his wife was on her way for my mother. I had always dreaded this meeting, expecting a scene. I was too weak to repress my own feelings and expected my mother to break down altogether.

How different was the reality. She came into the room in a matter of fact sort of way, as though she had only parted from me half an hour before, and without staring me out of countenance, as so many did, said as composedly as could be:

"Why, Ralph, you look better than I expected,"

as she tenderly arranged my clothing. Unrolling a package in her hand she tied on a large apron and said she would soon have me well again and out of that. Only that and nothing more. Not a word, a start, a scream or hysterical fainting fit; not even a tear, lest the nerves of her boy might be shaken thereby and his recovery delayed or endangered.

O, the mother love—the mother love—God forever bless and hallow it in high and low! Her dear eyes had been drowned in tears through all the dreary months of my imprisonment, and full measure of her anguish was only known to her Maker. But her boy was returned to her arms, as she believed, in direct answer to her importunate prayers and supplications, and the springs of her heart were welling up with happiness and her cup of joy was filled to overflowing.

I learned afterwards that President Lincoln's dispatch to my father was taken from the wire by an operator who did not know his address. Lieutenant Rose, of the 38th Ohio Infantry, was present and volunteered to deliver the message. He had just passed father and mother on their way to church and proceeded directly there. The telegram was handed to the minister in the pulpit, who announced, "A dispatch for Calvin Bates."

Father rose and said: "Read it."

The minister undertook to do so, but broke down and couldn't speak. Lieutenant Rose then read it aloud. There was a moment's silence, when my mother rose from her seat and commenced a circuit of the church pews, shaking

hands in her excitement with every soul in the building. The rejoicing was general by this time and the after exercises were in the nature of a thanksgiving service over one who was lost but was found again.

I was carried home from the hotel next day and my recovery was rapid from that date. In three weeks I could walk about the house and in eleven weeks reported to the provost marshal at Columbus for duty.

By the direction of President Lincoln, Doctor Ross furnished me with the necessary medical certificates. I might have obtained a much longer furlough. My parents objected to my returning to the field at all. Governor Brough, of Ohio, offered me several home appointments and urged me to accept one. But my heart was with my comrades at the front and I was determined to return. As a last alternative Governor Brough, in response to my mother's request, ordered me to report to Governor Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, by whom I was appointed Second Lieutenant in the 129th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

I joined my new command under fire on the slope of Kenesaw Mountain, during Sherman's celebrated advances on Atlanta, and remained with that regiment, commanded by Col. Charles Zolinger, until we reached Marietta. I was then ordered to report to General McQuiston, commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, and served on his staff as an orderly until the end of the war.

We participated in all subsequent operations

against Atlanta; proceeded as far as Jonesboro; returned with General Thomas to the defense of Tennessee; were in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, went east with General Schofield; took boat from Alexandria in Virginia to assist in the capture of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, and were transported thence to Moorehead City, Newbern and Kingston; shared the marching and fighting at Kingston, Goldborough, Raleigh and Greensborough, and witnessed the surrender of General Joe Johnston's army.

From thence we marched to Charlotte, North Carolina, where we remained until mustered out of the service August 6, 1865.

Dick and I were subsequently subpoenaed to give evidence on the trial of Captain Wirz by the United States Government, on the charge of murder, for his treatment of prisoners at Andersonville prison, and I kept to the letter, my promise made to him, by seeing him hung at Washington City, on the morning of November 10th, 1865.

IN MEMORIAM
of
Ralph O. Bates;
Born June 29, 1847, in Mansfield, Ohio.
Died Dec. 27, 1909, in Santa Cruz, California.

(From Santa Cruz "Surf," Jan. 1, 1910.)
Comrades of the local post of the Grand Army

of the Republic buried December 28, 1909, in Santa Cruz, the body of a man, whose name and fame will be immortal, and when history's final Scroll of Ages is unrolled, it will be seen how his life wrought more than he ever knew, or the men of his times perceived. While he lived it was not possible to detach his personality from the story. It was his own story. It is now the nation's heritage, and ought to become a standard work in every American library, and read in every American home.

RICHARD KING:

Born September 7, 1845, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Died Oct. 9, 1890, in Vineland, New Jersey.

(From Santa Cruz "Sentinel," Jan. 2, 1910.)

This past week has marked the death in Santa Cruz of Ralph Orr Bates, who has spent more than forty years lecturing to G. A. Rs. and churches and schools throughout the country. In the fall of 1867 he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to college, and in the spring of 1868 was called by General Garfield from his school to give the first lecture, in the old gray stone church, on the south side of the square in Cleveland, Ohio. At the close of the lecture General Garfield stepped forward and pinned on "Billy" seven gold medals, of the

seven prisons he had passed through, and asked "Billy" to promise to spend his life telling that story to the coming generations, which "Billy" has done.

While traveling the Western States, in the winter of 1893, Mr. Bates met O. M. Whitney of Tacoma, Washington. They became fast friends, and on April 3d of that year the latter joined "Billy" as his private secretary. They traveled the Northern and Central States, with the love of brother between them.

Mr. Bates came to Santa Cruz three years ago, and only last May found where his friend and past secretary was, and in six weeks had Mr. Whitney with him, here in Santa Cruz, which was a soothing influence to Mr. Bates, to have the care of one he loved as a brother in his hours of suffering. And Mr. Whitney rejoices that he had the opportunity to wait upon his comrade and friend in those last hours.

While the two were traveling in the Central States they met Rozella E. Middleton, whom Mr. Bates married Sept. 5, 1895, in Middletown, Indiana, who was a loving wife and faithful nurse.

THE END.

Rozella E. Bates in 1905

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